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# Tempo Magazine, Fall 2015

Office of Student Life

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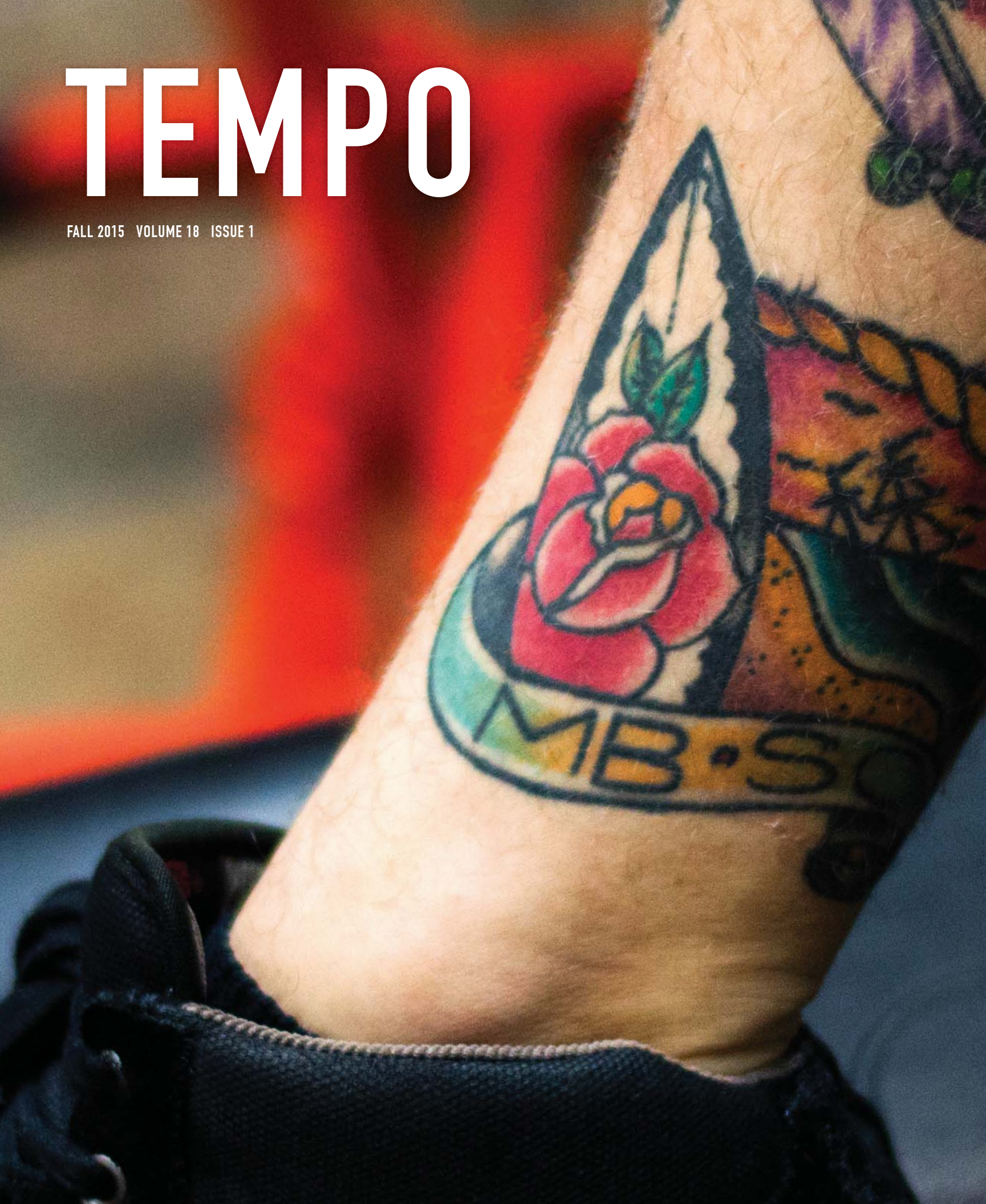
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# TEMPO

FALL 2015 VOLUME 18 ISSUE 1





**FOLLOW  
YOUR  
HEART.**

## **ARCHARIOS LITERARY ART MAGAZINE**

Read our blog, keep up to date with submissions, visit our archive, or get involved  
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## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

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These blurbs are weird. There are so many things I want to say, people I want to thank, but I feel as if I should just let the magazine speak for itself. I feel as if my predecessor, Pat Siebel, summed up this publication quite well. Creating Tempo Magazine is a process. It's a malleable, cumulative product of some of the most talented artists, both literary and design focused, that Coastal Carolina University houses. We started off with a multitude of ideas and slowly but surely, this thing started to take shape. We began with a clean slate and ended with the words you're reading. It has taken blood, sweat, and [mostly] tears to get this thing to the stands, but every hair-pulling, thought provoking, crazy confusing moment has been worth it. I posted a Facebook status a few weeks ago when the last of the final edits got sent in to Emily that said "I feel like I just sent my first child off for their first day of Kindergarten." And yeah, that's about right.

As a proud literary parent whose prodigy [or spawn, depending on how you look at it], is this magazine, all I can say is that everything in this book has been loved and obsessed over since the end of August and we, as I speak for the myself and the staff, are more than ready to share it all with you. We've done our part and now we leave you with yours.

I could not be more thankful that this lovely little publication was put in my hands. So, without further adieu, here it is. Love it hard and love it well.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Eden Halevy". The script is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Eden Halevy  
*Editor-in-Chief Fall 2015*

# MEET THE TEAM



**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**  
EDEN HALEVY



**ASSISTANT EDITOR**  
CAIT PRZETAK



**ART DIRECTOR**  
EMILY ENGLEHART

# TEMPO

WRITE. DESIGN. SHOOT.

FALL 2015 VOLUME 18 ISSUE 1

TEMPO is a student-produced features magazine, offering publishing experience to some of Coastal Carolina's most talented writers and designers.

Opinions expressed throughout the magazine do not necessarily reflect those of Tempo staff. That said: we wholeheartedly support individualism, and in that regard, we do not publish a single word we regret.

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## 5 BIGGEST MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT GREEK LIFE

Greek Life can be a great part of the college experience. However, this is sometimes a little hard to grasp from the outside looking in. The result that plagues us is that Greek Life members are in the minority; there are stereotypes that come with the territory—not just here at Coastal, but across all collegiate campuses across the country. But, as we are taught so often in our own education process—things are not always as they seem. So we arrived at five common stereotypes, which we felt were inaccurate or misleading, especially amongst those who aren't affiliated with an organization.

### **PARTYING IS OUR #1 PRIORITY**

While this does sound like quite the life-style, it is so far from the truth. We too are here first and foremost for an education. Yes it is college, and parties happen, but there are so many other positive things we do through our organizations. For example, the chapters here at Coastal Carolina place strong values and high ideals on the idea of philanthropy. We all have a strong connection to local community involvement. At Coastal, each Greek organization has a philanthropy in which they represent. Through giving back to the community, the organizations help spread the word about their cause, raise money, and do countless hours of volunteer

work. An abundance of time and dedication goes into helping these philanthropies and making them a known cause. We also enjoy our friendships, and being just normal students. From eating way too much food and watching Netflix, late night Walmart trips, and going to football games, we are the same as any other ordinary student.

### **WE ARE BELOW AVERAGE STUDENTS, WITH BELOW AVERAGE GRADES**

SO FALSE. At Coastal Carolina, members of the Greek community actually have higher GPAs than the overall student population. While people may think we are these “airheads”, many of us work extremely hard to maintain a good GPA. To be an active member in a Greek organization, you must uphold a certain grade point average or you are unable to participate in Greek activities. This helps members to strive to be the best students possible and take academics seriously. For all Greek Life organizations, school is always the number one priority. Some chapters have even gone to great lengths to ensure good academic standings within their organization. From study hours to prizes for A's on tests, papers and projects, we hold ourselves to a high moral and academic standard to set a good example of Greek life on our campus.

### **WE PAY FOR OUR FRIENDS**

This is a statement I hear frequently around campus, and honestly, one of the most annoying ones. People are always saying how Greek life is just “paying to have friends”, but that ignorance is far from the truth. Yes, we all pay dues but that does not mean we pay for our friends. Our dues provide us with opportunities such as retreats, socials, sister/brotherhood events, intramurals, among many other things. Wanting to be a part of something bigger than you is not paying for friends. Wanting to better yourself through set values and opportunities is not paying for friends. Opening doors for yourself that would otherwise stay closed through joining an organization is not paying for friends. People who join Greek life are individuals who chose to get involved and want to make a difference. Making lifelong friends is just one of the many perks that going Greek offers. It's not that we are “buying” our friends; we are just trying to be the best possible versions of ourselves. We all belong to organizations or groups that help make us better or enhance our lives and Greek life is just one good example. Look at it this way, without a brother of Pi Kappa Phi at Coastal, Tempo would have never been started...



## WE DISLIKE ALL OTHER ORGANIZATIONS THAT AREN'T OUR OWN

Y'all. Come on. The Greek community is all about striving towards that familiar feeling, that unity and togetherness most people want in an organization. I personally have not encountered any intense rivalries among Greek organizations. In fact, I believe that Greek members share a common bond, which makes us more friendly and receptive to each other. We play sports/ compete against one another, team up for good causes, participate in each other's philanthropies, and support each other on campus. So while I'm sure hating on one another could pretty much make an awesome reality series, here at Coastal, its just not our reality.

## HAZING IS APART OF GREEK LIFE AT COASTAL

I feel lucky to go to a school where hazing is taken so seriously. Our school does not tolerate any type of hazing for the safety of the students and the community. If a report is made, it is immediately investigated. In the media, Greek life is depicted as this crazy experience where members make their pledges do these insane, dangerous tasks just so they can be accepted into the organization. And to be honest, you only ever hear about Fraternities. Maybe at one point, these things happened. However, not here and not in 2015! It seems that a couple of hazing stories make the news each year and make it seem like all Greek organizations act this way. This is not at all how we treat our new members. We teach them about the organization and the history that comes with it, and the values to be lived out on a daily basis.

So, there you have it. We are college students, friends, socially and physically active, fundraisers for positive causes, competitors on the intramural fields and guilty of forming friendships, many of which will last a lifetime. If you're not involved in Greek Life, I encourage you to talk to people that are to gain further perspective. If you are involved, hopefully this captures your personal experience. If Greek Life isn't for you, I encourage you to find campus organizations that are — after all we are here, we are young and it is our time to shine.

- EDEN HALEVY, *Sigma Kappa* &  
LEXI MAYO, *Gamma Phi Beta*

## ● WHAT IS THE BIGGEST MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT GREEK LIFE?

### ■ "I AM IN GREEK LIFE BUT..."

#### LOGAN WILLEFORD – Pi Kappa Alpha

- That it is all about partying
- "I am not a douche bag."

#### SARAH KETTERMAN – Alpha Delta Pi

- That we are stuck up and don't do things with people outside our organization
- "I am not a stuck up blonde."

#### JACK ARMSTRONG – Pi Kappa Phi

- The amount of time that goes into schoolwork and into the fraternity
- "I do not treat girls with disrespect."

#### AMELIA SMITH – Sigma Kappa

- That you pay for your friends
- "I am not uninterested in my grades."

#### NICOLETTE FONTANELLI – Gamma Phi Beta

- That we are just stuck up people. We are more than just "Greeks" we are caring students, athletes, and involved in other ways on campus.
- "I am not a party girl."

#### DAQUAN BUKSHA – Kappa Sigma

- That frat boys are douche bags
- "I am not a Tongy's regular."

#### KARSYN KRATOCHVIL – Phi Sigma Sigma

- That you pay for your friends
- "I am not a slut."

# PROFESSORS' CRAZY COLLEGE STORIES!

---

**WHAT DID YOUR  
PROFFESOR DO  
WHILE IN COLLEGE?**

---

- KRYSTEN ELLIOT

## **DR. MATT MCDONOUGH**

HISTORY DEPARTMENT

"The story I told occurred when I was a junior in college. This was the fall semester and I had just returned from a nice exciting summer that included a successful graduation from boot camp. I walked into my political philosophy class and proceeded to simply talk to a friend of mine in the back of the room throughout lecture. This went on for almost a week. Every day I would come in and just talk about all the things that I had done during the semester and all the parties I was going to attend etc. Finally a cute blonde girl in the row ahead of me turned around at the end of class and told me to "Shut up, many of us are paying a lot of money to take this class and learn the material!!" I was shocked and somewhat impressed that this person whom I had never talked to before could be so bold and then the next day after class I asked her out. We are celebrating our 10th wedding anniversary this year."

**PROFESSOR JOE OESTREICH**

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

"After my junior year at Ohio State, where I was a Political Science major who also played in the band my buddies and I had started back in high school, I dropped out of college. The band bought a \$2000 van and started touring the country, playing gigs everywhere from Boston to Austin to Charleston, trying to land a major label record deal. The odds of being called up to the music business big leagues were long, but we were just naïve and optimistic enough to keep chasing the dream. And four years later, we did get signed to a major label, Epic Records, home of Michael Jackson and Pearl Jam. But the two albums we made for Epic didn't sell, and two years after we signed the fat contract, the record company cut us loose. The band stuck together, however. And ten years after dropping out of OSU, I dropped back in, finishing my Poli Sci degree. From there I headed to grad school for creative writing and then was lucky enough to get a teaching job here at CCU. Now, 30 years after the band held our first practice, we are still making music and playing gigs. Is that a crazy college story? Heck if I know. But as Edith Piaf (and probably Keith Richards, too) would say, "Je ne regrette rien." (Google it)."

**DR. BRIAN BUNTON**

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

"I served as Webmaster for my fraternity, which meant I was in charge of the website for the chapter. I created a website called "Rate Your Professors" before the website we all know now, "Rate My Professor", was widely used. A professor at my university got mad about the website and called me to yell at me for making him essentially "look bad". The same professor who got angry with me took his anger to a faculty meeting and expressed his distaste for my website and got fired."

**DR. ROBERT JENKOT**

SOCIOLOGY &amp; CRIMINOLOGY DEPARTMENT

"I served as a member of the Midwest Peace Project (MPP) during my collegiate experience at Southern Illinois University Carbondale and took part in the anti-nuclear movement researching Star Wars and ways to defend against missiles. We staged multiple protests and marches, and one time the FBI got involved during one of the protests at the university. They took pictures and statements from the students involved and got the information of students in the group. It was a pretty intense time to be a college student."





The background of the entire page is a sunburst pattern. It consists of numerous thin, straight lines radiating from a central point at the top, creating a starburst effect. The lines are a light yellow color, and the spaces between them are a slightly darker yellow, creating a high-contrast, energetic visual.

**IT'S  
ALWAYS  
SUNNY IN  
MYRTLE BEACH  
...SORT OF**

**F**rom all across the country, students travel to Coastal Carolina not only for school, but also for the pristine beach weather. It's because of the scene that we all expect: crystal blue water, clear skies, warm sun, and the soft sand between your toes. This is what we think or once thought of when we think about Myrtle Beach. However a grim truth is about to come out, if it hasn't already.

Myrtle Beach's weather is anything and everything except beach weather. In fact, it's probably not even sure how it's supposed to be. On any given day – Coastal students can expect to be hit by an odd combination of heat, cold, rain, and thundershowers. Just last year we experienced all of these one after another in one day. The past two winters, we had been hit with frigid temperatures and dangerous freezes. And the summers, while sunny, have been unbearably hot. Stepping out for just a moment could leave you with nasty sunburn, or worse, those god-awful tan lines. It does appear, however, that Coastal students have already been acquainted with the bipolar nature of Myrtle Beach weather.

Hurricane Joaquin was one that will live in South Carolina infamy. Historic rain and flooding struck our home state this year leaving many students stranded and with nothing to do. Yet, despite the devastation the storm left, Coastal students came down to enjoy the water, and that's just what they did.

Images of Coastal students wakeboarding, surfing, and canoeing through the water can be found all over Instagram, Facebook, and Twitter. These students were determined to enjoy themselves no matter what the conditions may be. So bring it on Myrtle Beach. You can send freezing rain, burning heat, and floods, but that will never stop the spirits of the students of CCU. Be it rain nor shine nor heat nor gloom we will always find a way to enjoy ourselves. It appears that much like in the show *It's Always Sunny In Philadelphia*, Coastal students are able to find the bright side in any situation, no matter how insane or dangerous it is.

The beach weather in the Grand Strand is anything but. From being unable to decide what season it is, ice storms, floods, and scorching temperatures, one would expect to be unable to handle, let alone enjoy, the outdoors here. Yet Coastal students somehow do it. Nothing will stop us from living up the beach life

- KODY RUFF



**MICHAEL GOLINO**

Student Worker at Starbucks

Major: Acting

**Career Aspirations:** Actor in NYC



**LOGAN WEISS**

Desk Manager at University Housing

Major: Communication

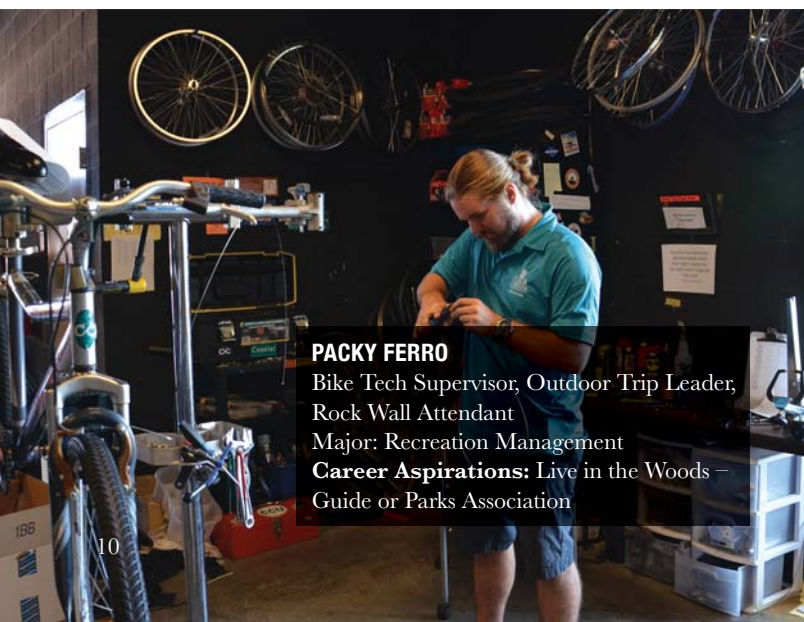
**Career Aspirations:** Radio Host

# CAREERS OF COASTAL

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BY CAIT PRZETAK

This university is made up of more than just faculty and staff. Students majorly consume this beautiful campus; more importantly, however unfortunately unnoticed – student workers. We go along with our daily routines; passing Resident Assistants, emailing or calling certain departments, attending front desks, checking out a book or getting help in the library, renting a bike, going to the gym, and even just grabbing a bite to eat. But do we ever stop and take a moment to acknowledge people that are assisting you in your routines; the people that make everything easily accessible to us? We see student workers all over campus, but just because they work behind the scenes at CCU doesn't mean they don't deserve the spotlight too. As a thanks to these hardworking students, the Tempo staff went on a mission to find out exactly what these students are here working so diligently for, and their aspirations with their education.



**PACKY FERRO**

Bike Tech Supervisor, Outdoor Trip Leader,  
Rock Wall Attendant

Major: Recreation Management

**Career Aspirations:** Live in the Woods –  
Guide or Parks Association



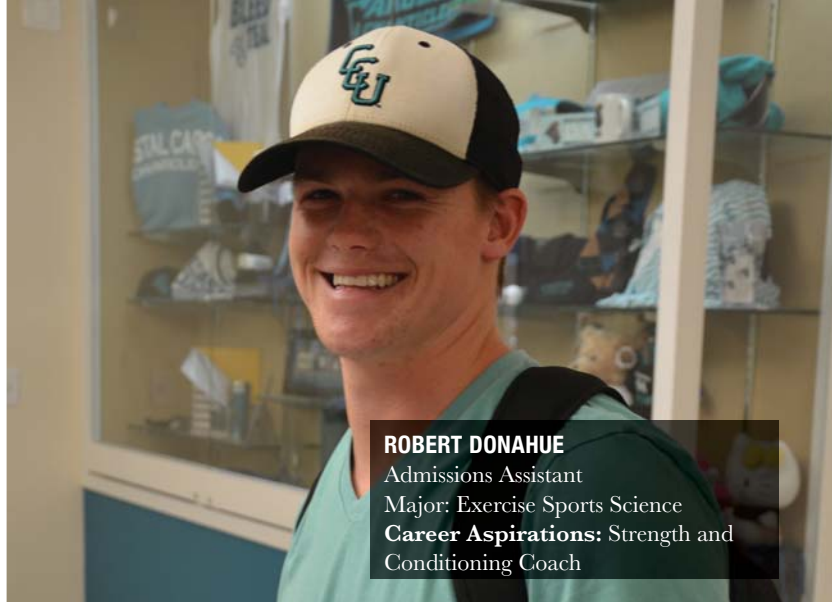
**ADARA RAGSDALE**

Library Assistant

Major: Exercise Sports Science

**Career Aspirations:** Physical Therapist





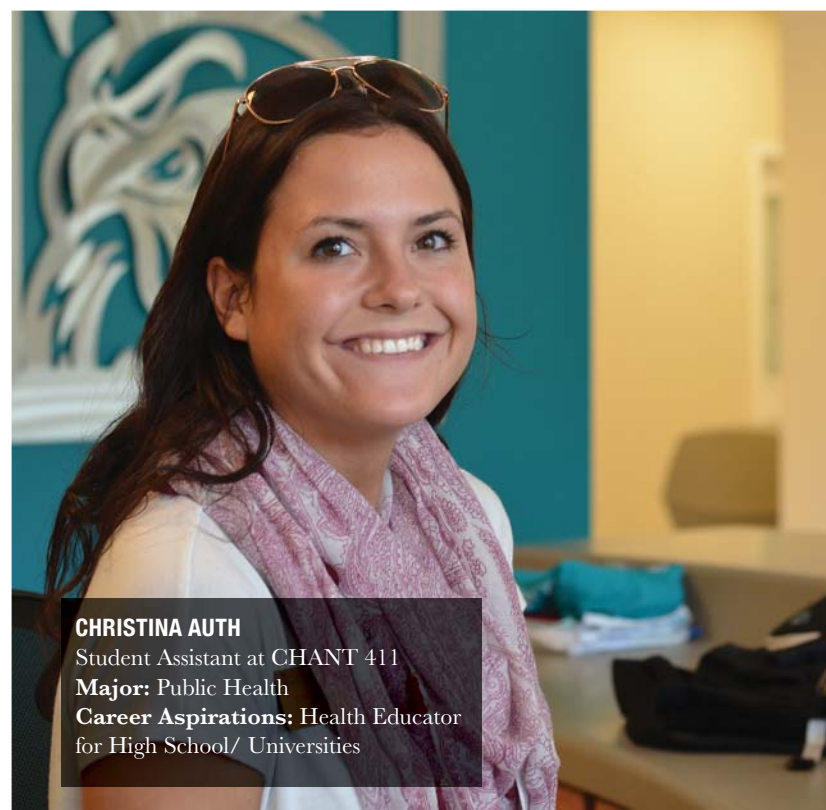
**ROBERT DONAHUE**  
Admissions Assistant  
Major: Exercise Sports Science  
**Career Aspirations:** Strength and Conditioning Coach



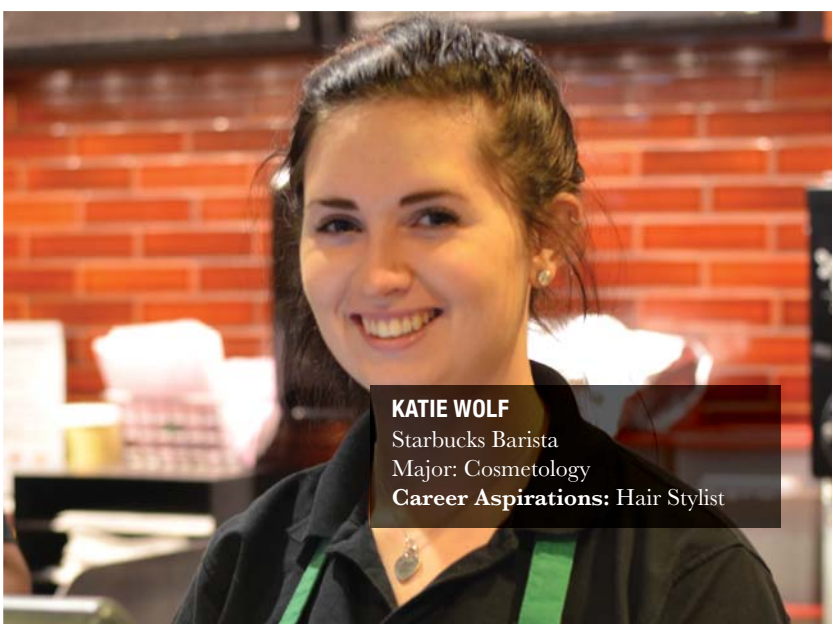
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Library Assistant  
Major: Biology  
**Career Aspirations:** Pediatrician



**HAMILTON RICHARDSON**  
Student Security Guard  
Major: History  
**Career Aspirations:** History Teacher or Veterinarian



**CHRISTINA AUTH**  
Student Assistant at CHANT 411  
Major: Public Health  
**Career Aspirations:** Health Educator for High School/ Universities



**KATIE WOLF**  
Starbucks Barista  
Major: Cosmetology  
**Career Aspirations:** Hair Stylist



**ANGELICA SMITH [RIGHT]**  
Welcome Desk Assistant at HTC Center  
Major: Exercise Sport Science  
**Career Aspirations:** Physical Therapist

CREATIVE  
WRITING



# The Girl Who Cried Monster

BY CLAYTON JAMES

The Dad gets home from work shortly before eight like he always does. He opens the door to his house and walks in. He starts unbuttoning the top button of his white dress shirt, taking off his tie and letting it fall next to the door. His wife silently resents the fact that he just drops it there, but she never gets mad at him.

“Babe,” he says quietly, putting his keys into the porcelain key bowl carefully. “You still up?”

He walks into the kitchen and opens the oven. His wife left something wrapped in tin foil; he hopes it’s her lemon chicken. In the living room he finds her sleeping on the couch with her head nuzzled into a pillow. He kisses her on the cheek and heads towards his daughters room. The hallway is dark, but he can see the light from the night-light shining through the cracks like little rays of sunshine calling for him. He opens the door slowly trying not to wake her.

“Daddy!!” she says, turning up quickly towards him and throwing off the covers.

“Awww, Libby,” he says, hugging her and picking her up. He leans over and turns on a lamp. “I missed you, how was your day?”

“It was alright,” she said.

“Just alright?” he said, putting her back in bed and pulling the sheets up. “Wasn’t school just fantastic?”

“It was good,” She said. “We got a bunch of extra recess because Mrs. Sandy had to go to the doctor!”

“Yeah I heard,” he said, and he had. Mrs. Sandy had just gotten dehydrated, she was fine. “You need to go to sleep sweetie we’ll talk about her in the morning.”

“Can you read to me?” she said.

“No sweetie,” he said, crimping the sheets close around her. “You, little missy, need to go to sleep. I love you.”

“Love you too!” she said.

He kisses her on the forehead and turns off her bedside lamp. As he walks out and closes the door quietly behind him he hears a

sudden, shrill *AAAAHHHH*. He turns around quickly and grabs for the handle, missing at first and jamming his finger into the door.

“Libby! What’s the matter?” he says, turning on the lamp.

She is sitting upright in her bed with her knees brought up covering her face. He sits on the side of the bed and wraps his arms around her.

“What’s the matter?” he asks.

“There’s something under my bed,” she said looking up at him with her puppy brown eyes.

“Aw sweetie you’re safe were right down the hall,” he says leaning down onto the floor and looking underneath the small twin frame.

“I heard something though,” she said. “It made a loud noise! Can you check in the closet for me Daddy?”

“Of course,” he says. “Anything for you.”

He stands up from the side of the bed and walks over to the closet. He opens the doorknob and gestures with his hand to show that there is nothing inside. There is only some shoes lying on the ground next to boxes and some of his wife’s dresses hanging up on the other side. A rustle comes from behind one of the hanging dresses. He slides back the dress and there is Libby crouching against the side wall of the closet. Her knees are brought up covering her face and she looks like she’s shaking.

“Libby?” he says, stepping back.

She looks up to him with her tear stained eyes and says “Daddy there’s something in my bed.”





## Ars Poetica

BY TOREY GREEN

I am thirteen and fat and freckled and wearing  
a real bra, the kind with wires that poke at my fleshy  
torso, leaving pink indentations on my skin: the marks  
of a Real Woman. Oh, yes, I am a Real Woman now,  
that's what mama says. So, she tells me about men,  
how they're wonderful and terrible and only after  
One Thing. Then, she tells me about that Thing  
in a low whisper, slipping in bits of Judy Blume  
dialogue. Are you there, God? It's me, the crushing  
weight of adolescence.

I am thirteen and all flesh and long limbs,  
all gangly girlhood glory and pubescent paranoia.  
I have vanilla perfume, trembling hands, and underwear  
lined with black lace. I am a Real Woman,  
walking on razor-burned legs, cracking my heavy bones,  
while lizard-tongued babes bite their lips in magazines.  
I am one hundred percent gray veins and jagged fingernails  
I am a skin covered in coarse, black hair. I am a werewolf,  
I am a vampire, rock, island, creature. I am confused.  
I am the proud owner of my very own body.



## Dusted

BY AMANDA CADDELL

Looking into the mirror, you're preparing  
A heart and soul like no other,  
honey, you're daring.

Beating powder onto your chiseled face  
turning your features to look more like your mother,  
a show for tonight you are preparing.

Courage pulsing through your masculine veins  
emanating an aura of glamour  
girl, you're daring.

Colors of sea green, floral white, and old lace  
line your eyelids and meld with the primer;  
the wild, feminine, character you're preparing.

Enchanting the audience with your comical grace  
dazzling them with your shimmer  
yes, mama, you're daring.

Carefully, cautiously, fixating the wig in place.  
A chartreuse dress hugging every foam curve is in full glimmer.  
The curtains pull back, you've been preparing.  
A roar of applause, the queen has arrived, you are daring.



# Running From The Cops Before Puberty

BY RYAN CASE

I moved my lanky legs as quickly as I could through the underbrush. My heart was a bass drum in my chest that was seemingly on the verge of busting open. I felt the sweat trickle from my bushy hair down into my eyes and I stopped to catch my breath. I looked back through the trees for any sign of the police officer who was after me. Nothing. *I can finally relax*, I thought to myself. I put my hands on my knees and took a few deep breaths before I heard vicious snarling behind me. I whipped my head around and saw a fence, and after stepping closer, made out a German Shepherd that had his eyes locked on mine, showing me his razor teeth with every bark. The funny thing was that the 120 plus pound dog (that would have ripped me to pieces if the fence wasn't there) didn't concern me much. It was his owner, who lived in the ginormous brick house behind him. I knew exactly who he was. The very cop who was on my tail.

It was a cold night in early December, and I was 13 years old at the time. I was with some friends in my neighborhood to celebrate a birthday and after a few hours of playing football, it was dark enough for our favorite mischievous activity, "Lasering Cars." We would set up in a bush near the road and try to become as close to invisible as possible, and when we saw an oncoming car, we would shoot a laser pointer into the driver's face. I never enjoyed doing it because I knew how dangerous it was for the driver, but as an eighth grader, I could have been roped into doing anything. We had a few successful shots early, and we even got chased by a young guy in a roaring pickup truck, which was always the most thrilling part of it all. I remember there being a long period where no cars passed, and when one finally did, we jumped at the opportunity. Sure enough, as soon as the thin green laser hit the car's windshield, I read the words "Horry County Police" off the side of the car. My friends must have read it too, because they sprinted off into the night, and I saw no choice but to do the same. In my peripheral vision, I saw blue and red lights flash, and I knew the fun was only beginning.

I ended up tripping after running for about 20 yards, and before I could get back on my feet my friends were well out of reach. I took off in another direction, and even though I knew the neighborhood well, the suddenness of the situation had me confused. All I knew to do was sprint.

I made it through some people's yards and eventually into the woods. My clothes were covered with leaves and twigs from my fall and the trees I busted through to get into the woods. I was wearing black sweatpants and a black hoodie, and I figured those things would be to my advantage. I caught a glimpse of the cop before getting back up from my fall, and was fairly certain that he had gone after me. I trudged through the dense woods as quickly as I could without making too much noise, and I was close to the fence where I would meet the German Shepherd. My lungs were in hell and my heart was close to it, and when I saw the monstrous dog and the house behind him, which in the dark resembled a castle in an old Frankenstein movie, they sunk even deeper. I looked at the dog for a while, mentally begging it to shut its mouth and trying to telepathically explain that I didn't actually do anything wrong, I was just watching and that I only ran because everyone else did. The growling German Shepherd either didn't understand or didn't have any sympathy for me because he only seemed to get louder and more violent. I knew that I had to move soon, even though I still had not recovered from my sprint. With the noise the dog was making and the fact that I was standing in his backyard, the cop would surely be here.

I blindly stumbled through the woods. I was moving as fast as possible, but my legs were noodles from the running, so it was more of a zombie-going-after food walk. My cell phone was dead, so I had no flashlight or way to communicate with my long gone friends. *They are probably sitting at home*, I thought, *laughing about how I am still out here*. I knew it was cold out because I could see my breath, but my adrenaline and body heat made it feel like summer. After stumbling a little further, I was struck by an idea. Why don't I just wait it out? *I'll just put my hood on over in my head and I'll be concealed by my dark clothes and the bush I have collected on my hoodie*. And so I did.

I waited it out for what had to be an hour, just sitting in the underbrush at the foot of a pine tree, listening to the sounds of the night. I heard no large dogs and I saw no police officers, and I figured that was good. It had to be getting late though, so I decided that it was probably time to make a run back to my friend's house. I crawled back onto my feet and was relieved to find out that my legs were back under me. I took a few surveying looks through the woods

just to be sure I wasn't missing anything, and began to wrestle my way through the trees, back towards the lighted road.

When I got to the end of the woods, I took a few very careful steps out onto the sidewalk that ran alongside the road that we had lasered the cop on. I saw nothing except for houses and parked cars that were illuminated under the street light. *He must have gone home, or maybe went to look somewhere else, because the coast looks clear to me.* I ventured out into the street and was surprised at the lack of nervousness I felt. I began walking back towards my friend's house, thinking of the ways that I was going to tell (exaggerate) the story. And I must have been really caught up in the outline of my story because I practically walked into the cop.

"PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!!!"

A light bulb went off in my head. "What are you talking about officer, I was just going on a walk?"

"Shutup! I saw you running! You're lucky I saw your juvenile face or I would have laid you out!"

At this point he had my hoodie collar in a vice like grip, and was dragging me to his police cruiser. My light bulb was turned off, and shattered.

He threw me up against the back of his police car, and starting patting me down. He held a bulky flashlight to the back of my head and told me that if I moved in a way he didn't like that he was going to hit me with it. *Fair enough.* All that I had on me was a dead Blackberry cell phone, which I think pissed him off even more, because if he was going to spend all that time chasing me around he probably at least wanted it to be worth his while. When he turned me around and start moving me to the back of the police car, I caught a better glimpse of the officer and realized that it was exactly who I thought it was, the owner of Frankenstein's castle that had a pet werewolf. He was a short but broad shouldered man with tanned skin and muscled arms. He had a clear New York accent and was losing his hair. *He would probably still have it if he wasn't so uptight.* I willingly plopped into the back of the car and he told me that he didn't think it was necessary to handcuff me, and I assured him that it wasn't. He asked me tons of questions about what we were up to and where

my friends were and if I could contact them for him. I answered everything truthfully.

Sitting in the back of the police car, I realized that I was afraid. *My Mom is going to kill me if she finds out about this.* I remember looking around the back seat thinking that this was a seat for thieves, rapists, killers, and...car lasering adolescents? The cop was standing outside of the vehicle, and some older kids that I knew from the neighborhood cruised by with their windows down.

"Did you find them?" They asked, *those rat bastards.*

"Yeah, I caught one of them trying to get away."

It took everything in my power not to say, "Actually, I walked into you. You weren't having much luck on your own." But I didn't. At this point I was shivering in my shoes, praying to God that I wouldn't go to jail, or worse, have my parents find out that I was in trouble with the police.

The officer got in his car and we headed to my friend's house, which I was giving him directions to. He whipped his car around every turn and curve, babbling about how he was supposed to be off duty now. I apologized and he told me about how he used to play fullback at Syracuse and that I was lucky he didn't tackle me. I told him that I was sure glad that he didn't while thinking *Damn, this guy has an ego.* He zoomed ahead into the driveway, and I saw my friend's stepfather sitting on the porch and it almost looked like he was wearing a smile. The officer swung the door open and told me to get out, and then led me up to the porch almost like a shepherd leading a sheep. The officer filled my friend's stepdad in on his version of the story, which closely resembled the plot of a Batman comic book. I stood there nodding my head, looking around for my friends, and fighting the urge to either laugh or interject every time that the Cop spoke. My friends had not gotten home yet, so they were called and told to come in immediately. I leaned against the porch wall, still shaking with nerves, but having a strange feeling that everything was going to be okay. The cop kept on rambling, but he seemed comfortable with that and it wasn't directed at me for once, which was a relief. I watched my friends emerge out of the dark, and I could see the fear in their faces. I was embarrassed too, because I was the one who got caught. When everyone was on the porch, the cop started his spiel.

“Okay guys. I need to clarify something,” he began, “lasering cars is not technically against the law; however, I would not recommend it. Your stepfather told me that he was going to take it from you,” he nodded at my friend, who hung his head in shame and handed the laser pointer to his stepdad, whose light expression indicated that he thought this was a joke, which was comforting. “The only reason I went after you guys was because you ran, and I thought you guys were drug dealers. If you would have stayed still, I would have passed right by.” Everyone looked at each other in relief, and I felt a weight go off my shoulders. *All that damn sprinting for no reason.* The cop began telling everyone a story from his football days somewhere along the line, but I was tuned out by then. It was good exercise I suppose.

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## Crows Feet On A Wise Man

BY DANIELLE QUIN

Crows feet on a wise man  
What have you been through?  
I'll tell you my child  
You have my undivided attention  
It was 60 years ago my child  
She was extraordinary  
Beautiful –  
And all things great  
I couldn't keep my eyes off her  
She robbed my heart blind  
The way her soft brown curls –  
Tussled in the wind  
Her blushed cheeks  
Her sweet grin  
She took my breath away  
Over and over again

Crows feet on a wise man  
What have you been through?  
We had 4 beautiful babies  
Didn't have much but we had love  
I worked multiple jobs my child  
A stressful day turned peaceful  
As soon as I got home  
Their smiles made all alright

Crows feet on a wise man  
What have you been through?  
My babies had babies  
And their babies had babies!  
What a wonderful life my child  
Crows feet on a wise man  
What have you been through?  
Quiet please my child  
I'm withering away  
Stay Papa, Please  
I want to hear more  
My child I will follow you  
To the end of the earth

When you see the Purple sunset  
The soft green moss between your toes  
Fuzzy caterpillars and still tranquility  
Know that I am with you  
Lots of love my child

Crows feet on a wise man  
Where have you gone?  
It's been a year without you  
The days still seem so long  
I've been doing my best  
Keeping you in mind  
Thank you for keeping watch  
Ill see you in time  
Lots of love Papa



# Two Swans On A Golden Lake

BY PARAG DESAI

On opposite ends they rest.  
Both have traveled waters in search for peace.  
Only to find their minds a tease.  
See, we have two swans on a golden lake.

One whose feathers are ruffled with compassion.  
Never hesitant to follow the guidance of the gale.  
Never worried for as love prevails.  
Perched on her throne in Ascalon, the gateway ajar.  
Though the cattail bobs, the myrtle widens with bristle  
and the lotus sings in key, this swan knows no bounds;  
for the beauty she envelops is sung so sweet.

But this swan is dying, morbid is she.  
In angst that her trades scatter before she is complete.  
The gale, the lotus and the insects within,  
the sun, the golden lake upon she sung –  
all know within times of crisis what is to become.  
Except the swan.

Compassion blinds the mind.  
The swan on the higher end smirks and gleams.  
She bellows in hatred for the time to be.  
This swan is calculated.  
This swan treads the waters both in and out.

Thrown from the skull of a god.  
Though her mind is what allows her to speak without sound.  
She is able to know without experience.  
She is the night's flying predator.  
The palladium born from her thoughts.  
Instead of a foamed birth, as her counterpart.

But this swan is dying, morbid is she.  
She knows not the outcome of her life.  
In times of romance and companionship she is distant.  
Never satisfied with her setting.  
Forgetting her pain is what brought his beheading.  
But in time he would have moved on.  
Except the swan.

Travel young swan, travel.  
For most of what it is worth, a cohesive trend.  
Brings the light of our darkest hours to bend.  
The complexity of compassion.  
The compromising of logic.

The beauty of the journey, may it never end

---

THE

BUILDING

BLOCKS

OF

LEARNING

Since the beginning of time, we as humans have been continually building. Whether it's literal, like the houses we reside in, the cities and towns we are from, our places of employment or even our beloved university. These tangibles are not the only structures that are or can be built. We fabricate our entire existences, our societal pressures and most notably, our societal identifiers.

Forty years ago, a note was inserted into thousands of toy boxes from a single distributor; a toy that once consumed our childhood and was a large imagination incendiary. Today, both the message of that flyer, and the toys that were paired with it, Legos, are more than just relevant. It is often that when looking at our history, of any heritage, that we cringe and become ashamed of the thought processes in those before us. But, as time passes on, our minds begin to become more susceptible to foreign ways of life. However, this is still not the case for each and every individual out there – we cannot force new thoughts and values on those who are set on their precedents. But we can shed light on it. At this stage in our lives, we are mostly independents; we are adults. As adults we tend to look back on our lives as children as we indulge in the thoughts of soon to be or already having our own. As a kid myself, I would take my purple plastic container and scoop up what looked to me as hundreds of Legos (probably more like 20) onto my dress, then transporting it to the floor. I would make different color houses, blue ones for boys to live in, and pink ones for the girls. To me, they were just colors that either I, or my two brothers would wear. I then moved from houses– to cars and trucks, things that my babysitters didn't understand or condone. It was often that once I was able to complete my masterpieces that were not 'what little girls made', I would be put in time out with my dolls. I didn't mind my many dolls and Polly Pockets,

but I liked being able to construct bulky objects. To me, they were just more durable and exciting. As a kid, all I knew indefinitely was what I enjoyed to create and build. That's how we all are, and we shouldn't be put in time out for having a joy for things that aren't in a sense, gender assigned.

We should be celebrating the fact that as kids we are open to everything, as future parents and role models; we should be going back to this way of logic. We should embrace our love for subjects, toys, clothes, activities, book, and movies, because that is what makes us ultimately happy in the end. We should stop classifying everything with labels. Who said that because I'm from the North I know nothing in regards to the outdoors, bonfires, or skeet shooting? Who said that because I am a girl, that my pickup truck had to be my father's or boyfriend's, and can't possibly be owned and maintained by myself? Who said that because I enjoy Starbucks that I have to be a White Girl? Who said that because I speak some Spanish that I am automatically Mexican? Who said that because I'm young that "I can't" have an editorial position? Who said that I have to actually pay attention to these assumptions and adhere to other's opinions of my life?

We have built our world today up by the labels we are called, by those we give, and by those we ask not to be labeled as at all. We took those very Legos from our childhoods and built up an encasement of judgment and names that needs to be knocked down. In a response to the 1970's Lego letter– we were handed the right materials, but were having our thoughts misguided, and it is this that created our unstable building blocks of societal labeling.

- CAIT PRZETAK





# ISLAMOPHOBIA IN AMERICA

**/iz,lāmə 'fōbēə,is-/**

Dislike or prejudice against  
Islam or Muslims, especially  
as a political force.

## What Does It Mean?

Followers of Mohammed and the religion of Islam are called Muslims. They occupy 23% of the Earth's religious sphere with 1.6 billion people, and there are somewhere between 4 to 6 million Muslims in the United States. We even have two Muslim US congressmen. Muslims believe that the religion was introduced to the world over 1,400 years ago in Mecca, Arabia (Saudi Arabia). Familiar Jewish and Christian figures like Jesus, Moses, and Abraham are mentioned and respected as prophets of God.

If you Google, "what is islamophobia?" the definition Google returns is the, "dislike of or prejudice against Islam or Muslims, especially as a political force."

Now, someone at the Google headquarters made it very apparent to include the last bit, "as a political force", to make the definition and the scenarios attached to it relevant. On a global scale, one can infer that in modern times Muslims are being categorized as a political movement rather than just a religious movement.

With ISIS, Al-Qaeda, and the Taliban as looming threats that continue to blow shit up on the reg, there's no hiding that there are governing bodies with radical Islamic movements (sometimes called "Islamists").

The tragedy that occurred on September 11th 2001, startled many Americans. As a four-plane hijacking resulted in the destruction of the World Trade Center in New York by the radical Islamic group Al-Qaeda, citizens demanded answers and retribution for the nearly 3,000 lives that were lost. This breaching of American tranquility was interpreted by the media that Muslims were out to get Americans. With that in mind, the fear of Islam and its followers were stigmatized for being barbaric and immoral.

Currently, in 2015, (hopefully) it is understood that radicalism spans through all categories of life, including politics and religion. There are radical pastry chefs who'd spit at you if you didn't know the difference between a milk-based or flour-based icing. There are extremists like white supremacist Dylann Roof. There even are radical Buddhist warrior-monks who will chop your head off in an instant! But this transition of ultimate understanding will gradually take its time. Earlier this year on September 16th, 14-year old Ahmed Mohamed was arrested and interrogated at a Texan public institution for suspicion of terroristic activities. The ecstatic, young scholar brought a homemade clock to show his teacher, and was put in handcuffs as a result. Do people not think fear/hate-driven incidents like this would cause more violent events, like the 146 other school shootings we've had since 2013?

The underlying question is, are Americans concerned with Islam as a global threat or is it domestically territorial with the ideals and cultures that favor Christians as the "intended" power of America?

Two of the leading juxtaposing Republican candidates, BUSINESS mogul Donald Trump and DOCTOR Ben Carson, have expressed their views on the Islamic faith and the people who practiced it. Trump, in previous years, insisted that President Obama was both a Muslim and not a legal citizen. Crazy, right?

Ben Carson, the generally mild-mannered (or so he would like you to believe), "non-political" politician expressed that he would not back a Muslim in charge of this nation, contradicting himself in the same monologue, if you will, by stating that if the ideals were aligned with the U.S Constitution then he would have no issue.

So, what gives DOCTOR Ben Carson? What are Muslim-Americans aligning themselves with that other Americans aren't? Would it be perfectly "aligned" if one or even all the presidential candidates were Christian? Doesn't he know, that the U.S Constitution is strictly against establishing a "national" religion? The very first amendment states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion..."

Does it make sense to deny a person the opportunity to become president solely based on their religious faith? What if Ahmed Mohamed wanted to become president? Then what?

To put things in better perspective, Republican or conservative parties have an overwhelming influence within southern states. I mean, counties from Virginia to Texas have been nicknamed the "Bible Belt" for Christ's sake (pun intended).

And to break it down even further, "Dominionism" is a string of theocratic beliefs of those who want to impose a form of Christian nationalism upon the United States. Known Republicans like Rick Perry, Michele Bachmann and good ol' Sarah Palin have been put under question about their intentions of running the free world.

With this rising tide of religious intolerance, is it the Dominionists who are fighting against cultural exchange? Or are we already under the control of a xenophobic reign? Who knows?

All I know is that, since the signing of the U.S Constitution, the power of popular opinion and the over-arching majority has and always will be interested in the protection of their rights.

Nothing less, but apparently a lot more.

- PARAG DESAI

*It's Not All*

# BLUE & WHITE

Disability is word that is often associated with two colors, blue and white; it brings a dreaded verb to mind as well; limitations. First and foremost, you don't have to be in a wheel chair to be determined as disabled, and you most certainly do not have to limit yourself with everything you wish to do. I was once under that impression. We should not look at other's physical or mental hardships as something that displaces them in society, whether we have reason to presume so or not. I was told my physical disabilities would restrain me from living a happy and somewhat normal life. But it was in that instant that I realized, my body may not be bound to a chair, but my mind was.



I'm told No.  
I've always been told No.  
On what I cannot do,  
Or what others don't expect me to do.

All my life I accepted that.  
I accepted No's as a part of my everyday routine.  
The worst part is that I began to believe in it.

I believed in the stigma of No.  
I believed in the words others told me about myself.  
People and doctors, whom I had just met,  
Who knew nothing more than my blood type,  
Yet I believed their opinions wholly.  
Even so the people I have loved so dearly for years  
have told me the same word.  
No.

That word began to come into my life more and  
more when I was diagnosed,  
Age 4.  
It is because of that word that I have missed half of my  
life,  
It is because of that word that I believed I was destined  
to be Nothing,  
It is because of that word that I never trusted my own  
judgments,  
Because others told me differently.  
It is because of that word that I gave up on myself.


I missed so much.  
All because of one word.  
But in the end, it was because of that word,  
Of those "realistic people",  
Of the acknowledgment of my disability,  
Of the special days I missed,  
Of the dreams that died,  
Of the hopelessness,  
Of the agony,  
That I found a will.  
That I found my yes.

My yes was in the middle of the constant  
No's I was being told,  
My yes was the yearning of greatness-hidden  
in-between the pity I was given,  
I became driven,  
I became devoted to living strong,  
I became hardworking,  
I became resistant,  
I became successful,  
I became what I was told was the exception.

However, I am No exception,  
I am a mere pained young woman,  
Who is in a world of No,  
With the strength of impediments,  
The grace of god,  
And the proud drive of being disabled.

No is a common word that everyone has been told in their lives. However, people still have this expectation that others are able to change their views or decisions. Yet this is not the case for many people living disabled. We aren't expected to do anything, to amount to anything, to succeed, to progress, to exceed a thought. We simply are foreseeable to exist and nothing more. But I knew this was not true. I proved this wrong; I had been laughed at for even believing I could get accepted into a college, when all that I applied to I was accepted. The mere verb of being accepted made my mouth grow from ear to ear, but I still had significant others in my life that doubted me through my disability. I sit here writing this, my second year in college, disabled, diseased, and monomaniacal about a future and dream that I am following quite successfully. But I also sit here now knowing that it has not been my perpetual diseases that crippled me; it has been the way I too looked at my classification as an individual. Although, that is all that it is a perception, an apprehending by means of the mind; something that we forget can be shattered dexterously by a single opposing thought.

- CAIT PRZETAK

The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of small, stylized ducks and lips in a light purple color. The ducks are facing right, and the lips are slightly open. The pattern is dense and covers the entire area.

# *duck* lips & *duck* calls

## A Comparison Between Kylie Jenner & Sadie Robertson

Kylie Jenner and Sadie Robertson are both famous for the same things; their families both have a reality show, they both have a fashion line, they both have books published and they are both paid to breathe and exist. They are both 17 years old. These few things are all the two have in common. It is mind blowing how many differences there are between Kylie and Sadie.

Sadie is the daughter of Willie and Korie Robertson and was born in Louisiana. She grew up living a southern lifestyle in a Christian home. Sadie was runner up of season 19 on “Dancing With the Stars.” Her wardrobe was very conservative and her dance moves were far from sexual. Her family’s show, “Duck Dynasty” has recently been criticized for comments that were deemed racist and homophobic. They family later apologized and explained the reasoning and meaning behind their words.

Sadie has accomplished many valuable things in her 17 years. She created an entire fashion prom dress line. This started when her father would not approve any homecoming dresses she tried because they were too revealing. Her book, “Live Original: How the Duck Commander Teen Keeps It Real and Stays True to Her Values” will hit store shelves this month. Thousands of people have already pre-order her book. Sadie and her close friend also started a Christian YouTube channel to

help teenagers struggling through everyday life. She seeks to help others as often as possible.

Sadie and her boyfriend have been together for approximately 9 months. His name is Blake Coward and he supports everything she does. He supported her during her time on DWTS and he supports her public decision to remain a virgin until marriage. The two ensure to remain pure and have set some ground rules such as, not going in each other’s bedroom and not being at home alone. Blake describes Sadie as just a normal girl and explains that being with her feels right.

If you take Sadie and reverse her completely, you would have Kylie Jenner. Kylie’s parents are Kris and Caitlyn (formerly Bruce) Jenner. Kylie was born and raised in L.A. Unlike Sadie, Kylie was not raised in a Christian home. Kylie is far from southern. Kylie’s Instagram is filled with bikini pictures, revealing dresses and provocative poses. Kylie’s family has been under the microscope recently with her father announcing that he is now Caitlyn Jenner.

Kylie’s fashion line is much more revealing and full of risks. Many girls look at it and their self-esteem takes a hit because they feel that they can not make the clothes look like they do on the models. Kylie is always changing her hair color and she leaves people unsure of the real Kylie and how much of her is real. Even her book was fiction and unrelated to herself.

Kylie has been dating 25 year old rapper Tyga since March of this year. They live in her mansion together and share a bedroom. Tyga has a son with his ex and it seems as though he wants another one with Kylie. He spoils her with expensive gifts and social media posts. Nowhere has he blatantly supported her or said how proud he is of her accomplishments. He has posted about her body and her face and it leads one to wonder if they are together for reasons that will make the relationship last or if they are in lust.

Although Kylie and Sadie are on two very different ends of the teenage spectrum, both can be congratulated for making a name for themselves aside from the families they belong to. Regardless, viewers all across the world will tune in, read and pay attention to what both are doing because there is such a heavy weight on pop-culture in today’s media.

- SAVANNAH LACKEY



# GETTING N-SYNC WITH THE 90s

**A FLASHBACK OF YOUR FAVORITES**

**BY SAMANTHA PROULX**

## FEMALE CELEBRITY CRUSHES

AMY JO JOHNSON  
TIFFANY AMBER THIESSAN  
ALEXA VEGA  
DANIELLE FISHEL  
MELISSA JOAN HART

## MALE CELEBRITY CRUSHES

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE  
AARON CARTER  
LEONARDO DICAPRIO  
MARK PAUL GOSSELAAR  
RIDER STRONG

## TOP 10 SONGS

SMASH MOUTH – *ALLSTAR*  
HANSON – *MMMBOP*  
TLC – *WATERFALLS*  
RICKY MARTIN – *LA VIDA LOCA*  
AARON CARTER – *I WANT CANDY*  
\*NSYNC – *BYE, BYE, BYE*  
SPICE GIRLS – *WANNABE*  
MC HAMMER – *CAN'T TOUCH THIS*  
BACKSTREET BOYS – *I WANT IT THAT WAY*  
BRITNEY SPEARS – *BABY ONE MORE TIME*

## TOP KIDS TOYS

OPERATION  
TAMAGOTCHI  
BOP IT  
NINTENDO 64  
GAMEBOY  
POGS  
FURBY  
BEANIE BABIES  
DREAM PHONE  
HIT CLIPS

## TOP FOODS

DUNKAROOS  
RING POP  
FRENCH TOAST CRUNCH  
WONDER BALL  
GUSHERS  
CAPRI SUN  
FRUIT ROLL UPS  
LUNCHABLES  
HANDI-SNACKS  
WARHEADS

## TOP NICKELODEON TV SHOWS

Whether it was going on a journey with those Wild Thornberrys, exploring the Hidden Temple, listening to Clarissa explain the rules of life – or facing my biggest fears alongside Tommy, Chuckie and the Twins; I would wake up every Sunday morning anticipating the newest airing of my favorite shows. Growing up as a '90s kid, I was filled with rage and grief once Nickelodeon stopped airing the shows that made my childhood as memorable as it was. However, to my excitement and probably every other '90s kid alive, on October 5th, Nickelodeon decided to revive some of the classic nostalgic cartoon series by time warping down memory lane as they launched 'The Splat'. It airs from 10:00pm to 6:00am on TeenNick. According to Nickelodeon, "The Splat" will feature both the timeless animated series as well as the beloved live-action shows. As a tribute to Nickelodeon and the Splat and '90s kids in general, let's take reminisce about seventeen of our favorite shows.

### 1 ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE DARK?

"Submitted for the approval of the Midnight Society, I call this story..." this was the nostalgic phrase we heard every week as we followed a group of courageous kids into the eerie woods to listen to each of they mysterious and unsettling tales. Each tale varied week-to-week, but kept to the same theme of paranormal phenomena such as ghosts, magic, haunted houses, vampires and even curses.

### 2 CATDOG

Nowadays the idea of an animal having both the head of a dog and the head of a cat may seem bizarre to some,; however, to those kids born in the '90s, it was some kind of fantasy. A hybrid of a cat and a dog seemed like the ideal animal to have because you could have the best of both worlds, you could have the cultured personality of a cat at the same time as having the spirited behavior of a dog. What was the reason for wanting this hybrid animal? The classic cartoon, CatDog. CatDog was a beloved show that followed the adventures of conjoined twins, Cat and Dog, who each had a separate head, but shared one body.

### 3 HEY ARNOLD!

I can still clearly hear the arduous sound of Helga Pataki's voice ringing through my ears as she shouts "Heeeey Arnold!" As Arnold and the rest of the neighborhood grew up on screen, we grew up with them. We dealt with the struggle of living in the Sunset Arms boarders. As Helga confessed her love for Arnold each week, we couldn't help but feel the same sort of love for him, him and his stupid football shaped head. When Gerald stood by Arnold and his latest escapade, we stood with them as well. Hey Arnold wasn't just a show about neighborhood friends. It was a show about OUR neighborhood friends.

### 4 ROCKO'S MODERN LIFE

Nickelodeon was filled with shows about anthropomorphic animals, but Rocko's Modern Life has got to be one of the best. Rocko's Modern Life follows the life of an Australian wallaby and his best friends, Heffer, Filburt and Spunky as they encounter many different types of scenarios. Each show was filled with humor, innuendos, and satirical commentary, and even though our little minds couldn't wrap around the jokes in the '90s, we still laughed along and felt like we were part of the gang.

### 5 THE ANGRY BEAVERS

I think every '90s kid can blame their sarcastic tendencies and sense of humor on Norbert and Daggett Beaver. I know that I can. Norbert, or Norb as he was more commonly known as, was the most intelligent out of the two, always keeping his doofus brother out of trouble. You couldn't help but feel sympathy for him. Daggett, or Dag was the goofiest out of the two, and a complete moron. But, we couldn't help love him for his compassion and love toward Norbert.

### 6 LEGENDS OF THE HIDDEN TEMPLE

Red Jaguars. Blue Barracudas. Green Monkeys. Orange Iguanas. Purple Parrots. Silver Snakes. The six teams every kid wanted to be a part of. At some point in their life, every '90s kid has trained for the action-packed game show, Legends of the Hidden Temple. Even though most of us never got a chance to show our skills on the Indiana Jones inspired set, we still cheered on our favorite teams each week with the Olmec narrating their every move as they faced those four thrilling challenges.

## 7 CLARISSA EXPLAINS ALL

Most of us got our advice about school, boys, and everything in-between from Clarissa. She talked to us about things we wanted to hear and even things we never even thought to ask questions on. She was our savior and confidant as we started to grow up and had to deal with the hardships of life. I know that in my 19 years of life, I still find myself following her guidelines and advice everyday.

## 8 KENAN AND KEL

I would like to thank Kel for my love of orange soda, and Kenan for my adoration for schemes. When the nostalgic theme song, Aw, Here it Goes started playing, we all knew that we were in for 30 minutes of non-stop giggles and snorts.

## 9 THE WILD THORNBERRYS

How cool would it be to travel across the world with a nomadic family of filmmakers and be able to communicate with animals whenever you wanted to? That is the life of Eliza Thornberry, the youngest daughter and middle child of Nigel and Marianne Thornberry. It was every '90s kid's dream to live the life Eliza did, going on adventures every day and journeying through the jungle. Also, who wouldn't want a monkey as a friend?

## 10 RUGRATS

I think Rugrats was everybody's favorite nickelodeon show. I know that it was mine. Every week we went on a wild adventure with courageous Tommy Pickles and his friends Chuckie, Phil and Lil. The gang was able to use their imagination and to make everyday mundane activities more adventurous and exciting. Whether it was a trip to the grocery store or a sleep over at the Pickles, you were guaranteed to enjoy each and every episode just as much as the previous one.

## 11 THE REN AND STIMPY SHOW

Controversial for its humor, sexual innuendos and violence, Ren and Stimpy was still a crowd favorite when it aired back in the '90s. Compared to shows that Nickelodeon plays nowadays, Ren and Stimpy seems like a breath of fresh air because it was a child's show but it was something that the adults still enjoyed watching it as well.

## 12 ROCKET POWER

Ocean Shores, California seemed like the ideal town to live in; it seemed like a place where anything could happen and that is all thanks to Rocket Power. Starring four best friends, Otto, Reggie, Twister and Squid. Rocket Power was by far one of the coolest shows to watch. Each episode, the gang was taking on another challenging task of skateboarding, mountain biking, surfing and any other sport you could imagine. They lived a life that every '90s kid wanted to be apart of.

## 13 AS TOLD BY GINGER

Every kid could relate to Ginger Foutley on a personal level. She was a nerdy middle schooler who tried to prove that she was more than just a social geek. Something that made this show so memorable was the fact that it was one of the only animated shows that allowed viewers to watch Ginger grow up. Each season, Ginger would age and we were there to follow her through puberty, friend troubles, school and boy problems, as well as finally being noticed by the most popular girl in school, Courtney Gripping.

## 14 DOUG

Doug made keeping a journal seem cool. It was filled with various life experiences that were all relatable to. Some of these topics included trying to fit in, dealing with self-esteem, crushes, rumors, as well as moving. Each week there was a different topic examined that every kid could find relatable. Plus, if you said you didn't like Patty Mayonnaise's fashion sense, you were lying.

## 15 AAAHH!!! REAL MONSTERS

One of the reasons why I got over my fear of monsters in the closet or monsters under the bed was because of Ickis, Oblina, Krumm, The Gromble, The Snorch, and Zimbo. They taught me that monsters are not all bad; they are just as terrified of things as anybody else is. And they probably smell bad from living in a sewer. Gross.

## 16 GUTS

Anybody who valued sports pretty much worshipped GUTS. GUTS, was like an adults sports channel, but for kids. Each episode featured several talented young athletes who would compete against each other in extreme competitions. It was a show every child athlete aspired to participate in. I know when I was younger, whenever I played basketball and soccer, I would envision that I was training to make a spot as one of the competitors.

# DID VIDEO REALLY KILL THE RADIO STAR?

Pop culture is geared toward the younger generations and is spread mostly by social media. Mainstream is another word used to describe pop culture. Throughout the years the ideas of pop culture have changed drastically. When the radio first came out families rushed to buy one for their home. It made listening to music and ball games much easier. Many years' later boom boxes were invented which allowed people to carry the radio with them.

During this time most families only had one phone and children had to ask permission to make calls. The invention of television changed all of this. MTV started playing music videos and the radio became less popular. "Video killed the Radio Star," is a popular song by the band Buggles and it explains this situation. With music videos came music award shows and concerts became more prominent. The best way to display this change is to define what pop culture was in each decade.

In the 1950's the baby boomers came of age; it was the time of TV, mass media, Rock and Roll, Alan Freed, and the Radio were all huge. The Cold War took place. The politics were focused on Eisenhower, Castro taking over Cuba, Communist Russia, The French Crisis and the Space Race. \$100.00 in the 1950's would be the equivalent of about \$835.41 to-

day. In 1950 a new house cost \$8,450.00 and by 1959 was \$12,400.00. In 1950 the average income per year was \$3,210.00 and by 1959 was \$5,010.00. In 1950 a gallon of gas was 18 cents and by 1959 was 25 cents. In 1950 the average cost of new car was \$1,510.00 and by 1959 was \$2,200.00. Toys consisted of dolls for girls and cowboys and Indians for boys.

In the 1960's the US had four presidents. Hard Rock became popular. The tension in Vietnam were at their highest. FM radio was discovered. The British invasion took place and the Beatles were popular. Color TV existed but most homes still had a black and white TV. \$100.00 in the 1960's would be the equivalent of about \$679.00 today. In 1960 a new house cost \$12,700.00 and by 1969 was \$15,500.00. In 1960 the average income per year was \$5,315.00 and by 1969 was \$8,540.00. In 1960 a gallon of gas was 25 cents and by 1969 was 35 cents. In 1960 the average cost of new car was \$2,600.00 and by 1969 was \$3,270.00. Barbie, GI Joe and anything space related were popular toys.

In the 1970's Rock was still becoming bigger along with record sales. The mid 70's saw the Watergate scandal. The end of the decade saw inflation, disco music and everyone was worried about unemployment. VHS was becoming big. \$100.00 in the 1970's would be the equivalent of about \$517.65 today. In



1970 a new house cost \$23,400.00 and by 1979 was \$58,500.00. In 1970 the average income per year was \$9,350.00 and by 1979 was \$17,550.00. In 1970 a gallon of gas was 36 cents and by 1979 was 86 cents. In 1970 the average cost of new car was \$3,900.00 and by 1979 was \$5,770.00. Hot Wheels and Atari gaming systems were popular toys.

In the 1980's Reagan was President of the United States. "Band-Aids" was invented. Madonna was popular and cassettes replaced records. IBM, Apple and Microsoft were becoming popular. Rap music was popular and the first cellular phones were in use. \$100.00 in the 1980's would be the equivalent of \$243.45 today. In 1980 a new house cost \$68,714.00 and by 1989 was \$120,00.00. In 1980 the average income per year was \$19,170.00 and by 1989 was \$27,210.00. In 1980 a gallon of gas was \$1.19 and by 1989 was 97 cents. In 1980 the average cost of new car was \$7,210.00 and by 1989 was \$15,400.00. Video game arcades were popular along with Games Machines and PC's. The most popular games being Space Invaders and Pac Man. Talking Alf, Star War Figures, Pound Puppies, My Little Pony, Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head, and the Rubik's cube were also common.

In the 1990's rap turned into gangsta rap. The world saw its first web browser. Websites and Internet stocks begin. Yahoo was replaced with Google. E! Channel airs for the first time. War with Iraq begins. \$100.00 in the 1990's would be the equivalent of \$153.76 today. In 1990 a new house cost \$123,000.00 and by 1999 was \$131,700.00. In 1990 the average income per year was \$28,970.00 and by 1999 was \$40,810.00. In 1990 a gallon of gas was \$1.34 and by 1999 was \$1.22. In 1990 the average cost of new car was \$16,000.00 and by 1999 was \$21,100.00. Game boys and Furby's were popular toys.

In the 2000's the word terrorism was talked about in every home. DVDs replaced VHS. Smart phones replaced cell phones. The United States elected its first African American President. Destiny's Child splits and Beyoncé begins her solo career. \$100.00 in the 2000's would be the equivalent of \$138.39 today. In 2000 a new house cost \$134,150.00 and by 2009 is \$232,880.00. In 2000 the average yearly income was \$40,343.00 and in 2009 it had decreased to \$39,423.00. In 2000 the average cost of a gallon of gas was \$1.26 and by 2009 it was \$2.73. In 2000 a U.S. postage stamp cost 33 cents and in 2009 it cost 42 cents. Jumping beans and Littlest Pet Shop were popular toys.

Today, everything is about Hipsters – hard rock and rap are still popular. I hoped with records and Polaroid cameras making a comeback that more things would follow. There is a line in the song that says, "we can't rewind, we've gone too far." Unfortunately, this is true. Technology has created a world full of socially awkward people who need a screen to state their opinions. It is pitiful how quickly chivalry and common courtesy died. Let's make pop culture hanging out on the porch and going to picnics without posting about it. Our grandparent's generation did these things and their generation is much happier and a lot less entitled. This generation has several things to change for the better; perhaps pop culture should be the first.

- SAVANNAH LACKEY

# SAMCRO



FEAT.  
**CHARLIE  
HUNNAM**



# “A TRUE OUTLAW FINDS THE BALANCE BETWEEN THE PASSION IN HIS HEART AND THE REASON IN HIS MIND. THE OUTCOME IS THE BALANCE OF MIGHT AND RIGHT.”

It was fall of 2012 and I was sitting in my freshman dorm room with my neighbors who were leaving my small, cramped space to go to their small, cramped spaces to watch the season 5 premiere of *Sons of Anarchy*. They said if I wanted to come watch I was more than welcome to, to which I replied I had no interest in watching a show about guns, drugs and biker gangs, and so instead I snuggled in my twin XL bed and watched a movie.

Here I am, three years later, and I have to say that I should have gone to my neighbors. I didn't start watching SOA until summer of 2015 when I finished the entire seven season series in one month. Praise be to Netflix.

Charlie Hunnam won the hearts of many for his portrayal of Jackson “Jax” Teller on the FX hit drama series *Sons of Anarchy*. A young, 17 year old Hunnam was first discovered on Christmas Eve – shoe shopping with his brother. Drunk in the store, Hunnam was surprised when a production manager for the Newcastle-based children's show *Byker Grove* approached him and asked if he was interested in joining the cast. Later on, his career expanded when he was cast in the WB series *Young Americans* as Gregor Ryder, the bad boy student at the boarding school the show focused on. It wouldn't be until 2008 when Hunnam would be cast in quite arguably his most prominent role to date; Jax Teller in Kurt Sutter's drama *Sons of Anarchy*. His portrayal of Jax Teller would motion him forward to go on and win a Critics' Choice Television Award nomination, three EWwy Award nominations for Best Lead Actor in a Drama series and a PAAFTJ Award nomination for Best Cast in a Drama Series.

In 2013, Hunnam scored another leading role as Raleigh Becket in Guillermo del Toro's sci-fi film *Pacific Rim*, which grossed \$411 million worldwide. Parallel, Hunnam had announced and withdrew in the same year that he would be portraying Christian Grey in the film adaptation of E. L. James' raunchy novel *Fifty Shades of Grey*, but due to scheduling conflicts with our beloved Sons, he had to back out and Jamie Dornan swooped in and took the role. Which was totally fine, because we needed to find out what happened in season 6 of Sons.

2014 and now 2015 have proven to be big years for our favored misfit actor, who just celebrated the release of another one of del Toro's works *Crimson Peak*, in which he stars alongside Mia Wasikowska, Tom Hiddleston and Jessica Chastain. Hunnam has already begun filming his next project, *Knights of the Roundtable: King Arthur* in which he will play King Arthur...swoon...and is set to release July 22nd, 2016.

From being drunk in a shoe store, to playing the bad-boy teen heart throb, to being the Harley Davidson riding, kutte-wearing, slicked-back-hair-having Son of anarchy who was quite often drunk and still a bad boy, (clearly), we have seen him grow and mature in a multitude of diverse roles and story lines. Does he make you want to buy a motorcycle? Of course he does. Does he make you want to be an out-law and get a lot of tattoos? Duh. Can he do anything? Absolutely. Fans and viewers across the globe are forever enthralled by his abilities and indebted to the wonderful pieces of cinematic art he has given us. Keep doing your thing, Charlie Hunnam, and we vow to keep watching you do it.

## FUN FACTS ABOUT SOA:

- ★ Kurt Sutter, the show's creator, played Otto, the Son's of Anarchy member in prison.
- ★ Katey Sagal (Gemma) has been married to the series' creator Kurt Sutter since October 2004.
- ★ Most of the main characters do their own motorcycle stunts.
- ★ Initially, Ron Perlman (Clay), was afraid of his Harley at the beginning of the series.
- ★ The first and last episodes of season 3 are titled SO and NS, which, when put together, spells out SONS. This is also a reference to the two rings Jax is frequently seen wearing.

## FUN FACTS ABOUT CRIMSON PEAK:

- ★ Guillermo del Toro says this is the best set he's ever worked on.
- ★ Benedict Cumberbatch was originally cast as the male lead but left the project due to undisclosed reasons. Tom Hiddleston, who replaced Cumberbatch, asked for his blessing before accepting the role to which Cumberbatch replied that it was “Amazing!” that he was accepting the role.
- ★ Charlie Hunnam and Tom Hiddleston had both auditioned for the role of Thor prior to working together on *Crimson Peak*. Hiddleston ended up playing Loki in the infamous Marvel movies.

- EDEN HALEVY



# COLLEGIATE UNICORNS

WE, AS A SOCIETY, TEND TO CRITICIZE AT THE FIRST SPECK OF ABERRANCE EXHIBITED IN THOSE SURROUNDING US. UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S INEVITABLE, HOWEVER THERE ARE MANY TIMES THAT WE SHOULD STOP OURSELVES AND EMBRACE THOSE DIFFERENCES.

Sex has always been prominent in the media and cinematic industries. But it is more relevant than just being part of Hollywood Magic; it's a main part of the 'college life'. Personally, I agree with sex having a vital role in our college years. This is the beginning of finding ourselves and fabricating our futures. Many times we tend to build our lives surrounding that of a significant other, and there is nothing in the slightest wrong about that. But, just because you have a love life does not mean that you have to be having sex just yet.

With the presence of dating apps or as I like to say, lonely apps, there are less and less actual relationships being formed in college. Many of our peers are involved in strictly physical associations; this means both parties attempt to stray away from attachment and the 'feels' that come with it. Having these relations being the new norm leaves a lot of room for judgment towards those who may be more old fashioned, or more reserved towards their bodies. As we all know, for those who have not participated in the actual act of sex are called virgins, yet I like to refer to them as Colligate Unicorns.

The reason for this name is not because they remind me of the esoteric creatures in any physical ways. It is more the idea of virgins in college; no one goes searching for these individuals, but if you do come into ways with them, you tend

to keep it to yourself. Not because you're ashamed of that person's choices, but because it is something that is theirs, and only theirs alone. Which is exactly how your sex life should be kept. The business of these Colligate Unicorns are not put up for discussion, because of this, they appear more pure than most. Most of them also have stronger views on many things as well. This leads me into the thought that they are not a force to be reckoned with, they stand their grounds, and aside from most believers, they are extremely passionate about many things.

Just because a person is a virgin does not mean that they are incapable of things. They are able to feel. They are able to love. They are able to have relationships. Being a Colligate Unicorn is guilelessly a life choice. It is not something to be scrutinized for; it's something rather to be appreciated. They are able to rise above the norms of college and to follow their own paths. They are able to do exactly what we all promised we would be able to do, letting values speak before our cultural par.

- CAIT PRZETAK



WORLD RENOWNED BOOTY CALL:

# NETFLIX & CHILL

Think about it like this: it's your first year in college and you're still single. Luckily, you've been flirting with a few randoms and getting plenty of attention. You're sitting at home alone one night, watching a shitty reality show and stuffing food in your mouth, wondering why the world has decided that you should live out your days alone. You hear a light ping and see your cell phone light up, and you figure that it's either your Mom asking about your grades or your roommate asking for a ride home from a party. You look at the message anyway and see that it's that hotty from class, the one with the blonde surfer's hair and cute face. The text message reads; "Do you wanna hangout?" Well, it's after 11:30 on a Friday, which can only mean one thing...Netflix and Chill. You think about it for a second, (after waiting a few minutes in an attempt to seem less desperate...if that's possible), then send back "Yeah I'm down." After all, why wouldn't you? You tell them to come over, and they show up at the door about 30 minutes later. You guys plop down on the couch, fire up the playstation, and they tell you that they are a big fan of Breaking Bad, so you choose it. You hit play on Season 1 episode 1, and five minutes in they start trying to kiss you, and you kiss them back,

all in good fun. Ten minutes in, you feel him touch your shoulder, trying to divert your attention from the television screen. You figure it out soon after that the Netflix part was just a decoy...

Netflix and Chill was the cheap and convenient go-to date for college students, but now it has turned into something entirely different: 2015's euphemism for the world-renowned booty call. This phenomenon is one that has likely been experienced by all of you at some point, and some of you may have even played the instigating role. We pass no judgement either way; we've all been there. This trend didn't just begin overnight. Over the past year or so, the "Netflix and Chill" booty call has been taking guys and girls alike by surprise. Recently, however, it has become well known in the mainstream. It has become so mainstream, in fact, that it has become a viral meme sensation. You can't go more than five seconds on Facebook or Twitter without hearing some joke or picture mocking "Netflix and Chill". Whether you plan to incorporate Netflix and Chill into your dating life or not, we provide you with this information so that the next time you get an offer to Netflix and Chill, you know what you are getting into, and you can proceed accordingly...

- KODY RUFF AND RYAN CASE

- 1 Be prepared for awkward situations: they're going to happen. You're going to run out of things to talk about, nor will you be paying attention to the Netflix part because you'll be too worried about the Chill part...and how that may (or may not) go down.
- 2 You've actually made plans with a real life human being, CONGRATS! It's almost as if you swiped right in real life. Hanging out with someone and doing something is the biggest swipe right in our generation. So give yourself a pat on the back, you've already conquered one of the things us millennials are terrified of: non-social media interaction.
- 3 If Netflix and Chill turns into Dinner and a Movie, that's okay too. People seem to be so terrified of this idea of "dating" that its almost unheard of in today's society. Girls, don't be afraid to let a boy take you to dinner. He's supposed to prove that chivalry isn't (totally) dead. And boys, if you like the girl, you're going to have to show her. They're smart, but they're not mind readers. And neither are boys. We have a lot less to be scared of than we think we do. Huh...imagine that?



# CONVERSATION HOUR: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE QUESTIONS

It's late; between the hours of 12 and 2 am.

You're laying in bed after a long day.

Eyes red and half closed, staring at your phone screen.

Just one more text, you think, then I'll go to sleep.

You put your phone down next to your pillow and close your eyes.

You're just about to fall asleep and then...

BUZZ BUZZ.

1:45 AM

We have all been there. It's late at night, you're having one of those unmistakable late night texting conversations – usually with someone you're definitely trying to get to know better – and you want to keep the conversation going, but you're just so tired and you have so much to do the next day and you know you should be asleep by now but there's this courage that rushes over you, and you like the feeling, so you keep replying. You feel invincible; you won't be held accountable come morning for the questions you ask and the things you say. This is when you feel like you really get to know someone. Walls come down; subtlety isn't an option...you know to ask the good questions. The things you really want to know.

I hear my friends talking about this all the time. “He asked me to come over but it was really late, it was like after midnight.” “You have to read the conversation we had last night.” Yeah, they had one of those classic conversations, the ones that resonate in your mind long after they happen. You cracked the code, weaseled your way in, and now you have all the information you need to seal the deal. That's the beauty of Conversation Hour.

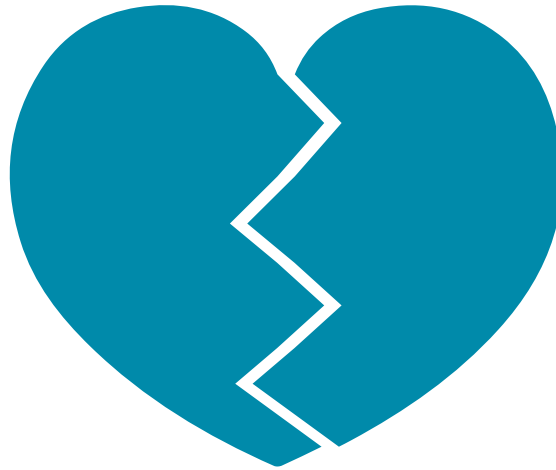
It's weird, isn't it? Why does it have to happen over texting? And why, of course, does it have to be when you're laying in bed, sleepy from the activities from the previous day, ready to pass out at any second? This brings me back to one of my favorite topics to discuss; the obscure dating tactics of us Millennial's. As young adults growing up in a society succumbing to cynical teenagers and glorified sexual tension, it is safe to say that my generation is more or less screwed. As college students, whether you're “freshmeat” or experiencing senioritis at it's finest, albeit senioritis can rear its ugly head very early on, my generation has no idea what it is they're doing when it comes to dating. I'm definitely not saying that I have any idea either, but I've experienced enough of the dating life to know what is right and what is wrong, what I like and what I don't like. But seriously, though, for those of you who are under the age of ~25, think about it. Have you ever participated in Conversation Hour?

- EDEN HALEVY



Does  
Social Media  
Run  
Relationships?





Have you ever found yourself looking over your significant other's shoulder while they're scrolling through their Instagram, Snapchat or any other relevant form of social media? Don't you want to know who they're following? You find yourself asking, "why do they want to know what that person is doing every moment of the day?"

Thoughts like these have wreaked havoc on modern day relationships. Back in the old days, Sally couldn't tell if Johnny was buying stockings for another woman. But now if your significant other is not where they say they are, (or buying something for another person), you'll know...and so will everyone else. Is this a bad thing or a good thing? Will people be less likely to lie or become more secretive and sneaky? Social media allows you to tell everyone what you're doing and who you're doing. Does this mean the age of trying to figure out who's doing who is over? No. But it is affecting relationships. Because of Twitter, we are more aware of who our significant other is thinking about and what they're favoriting.

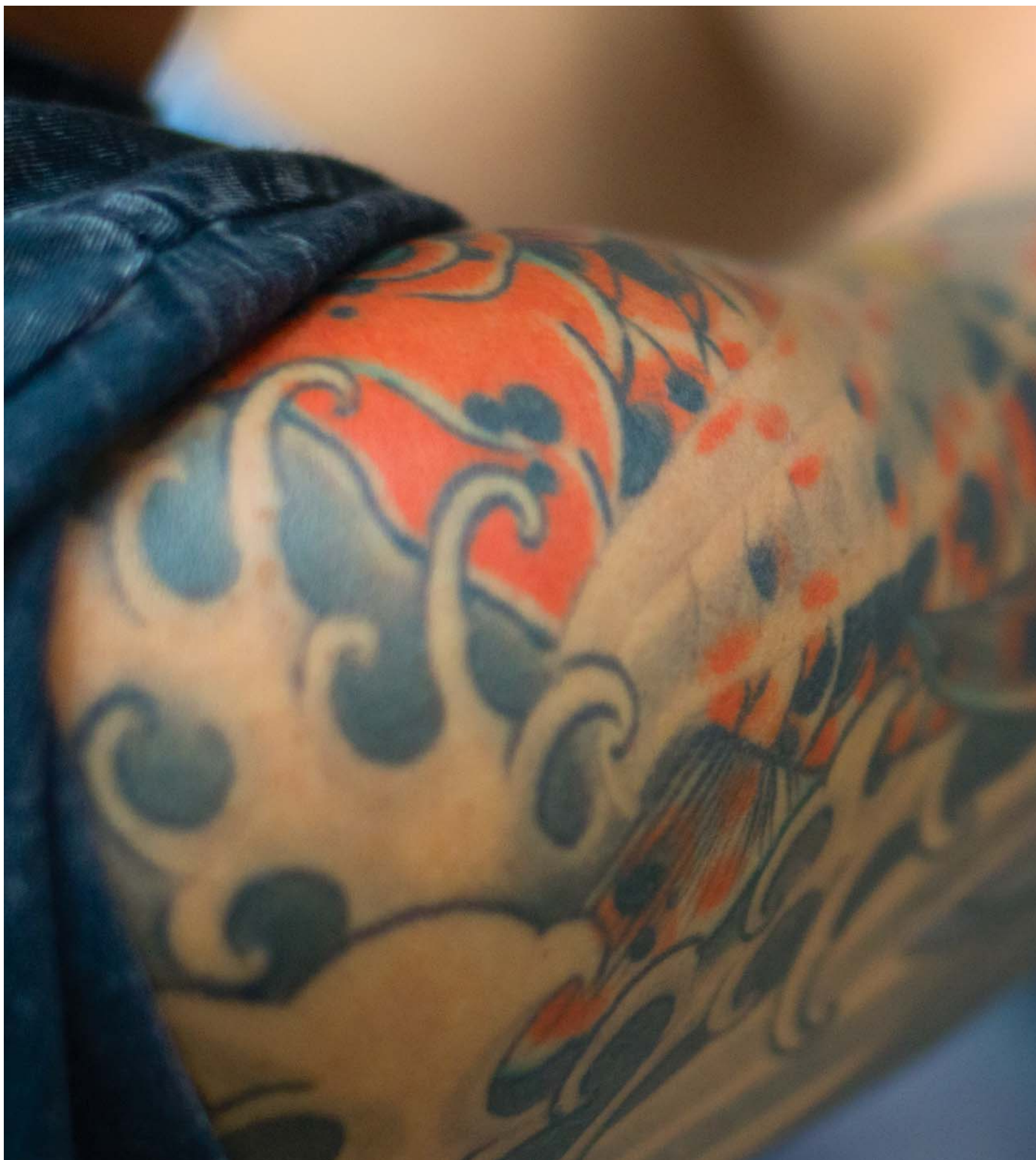
Not only is social media affecting our romantic relationships, but it's finding its way into our friendships. What happens when you see that your extremely close friend is following (and actively interacting with) one of your sworn enemies? You may or may not confront them, but in the back of your head you will always wonder how and why they're friends. Throwing a like or favorite on something is like giving your un-verbalized support. Are they talking about you behind your back? How could they possibly be friends when you've

blatantly told your friend that you don't like that person? As you can see, social media causes a lot more issues than just blurred lines.

What happens when you friends hanging out together without you? That's bound to cause chaos and destroy friendships. Feeling left out by your own friends can have a profound impact on the way you see yourself, how you view the world, and other people. You're probably less likely to want to hang out with them. Not only that, but you start to think who can you trust and know that they won't hang out with each other behind your back?

But it's not all bad, social media has found ways to bring many closer together by acting as a common ground for conversation, good or bad. We all know communication is key and that's exactly what social media is allowing us to do. If you're on Instagram and you see something funny, you want to send it to your significant other, best friend, close friends, etc. This acts as that common technological surface because maybe they'll find it funny too, thus forming an inside joke between you and them while strengthening your bond. Social media is going to play a part in your life and relationships whether you know it or not. However, it all boils down to yourself and your self-esteem. If you are insecure and are always thinking your significant other is direct messaging other people or your friends are secretly hanging out with each other without you, then the problem is much bigger than Snapchat, Twitter, and Instagram. The problem is within and before addressing someone else, you should first look inside of yourself.

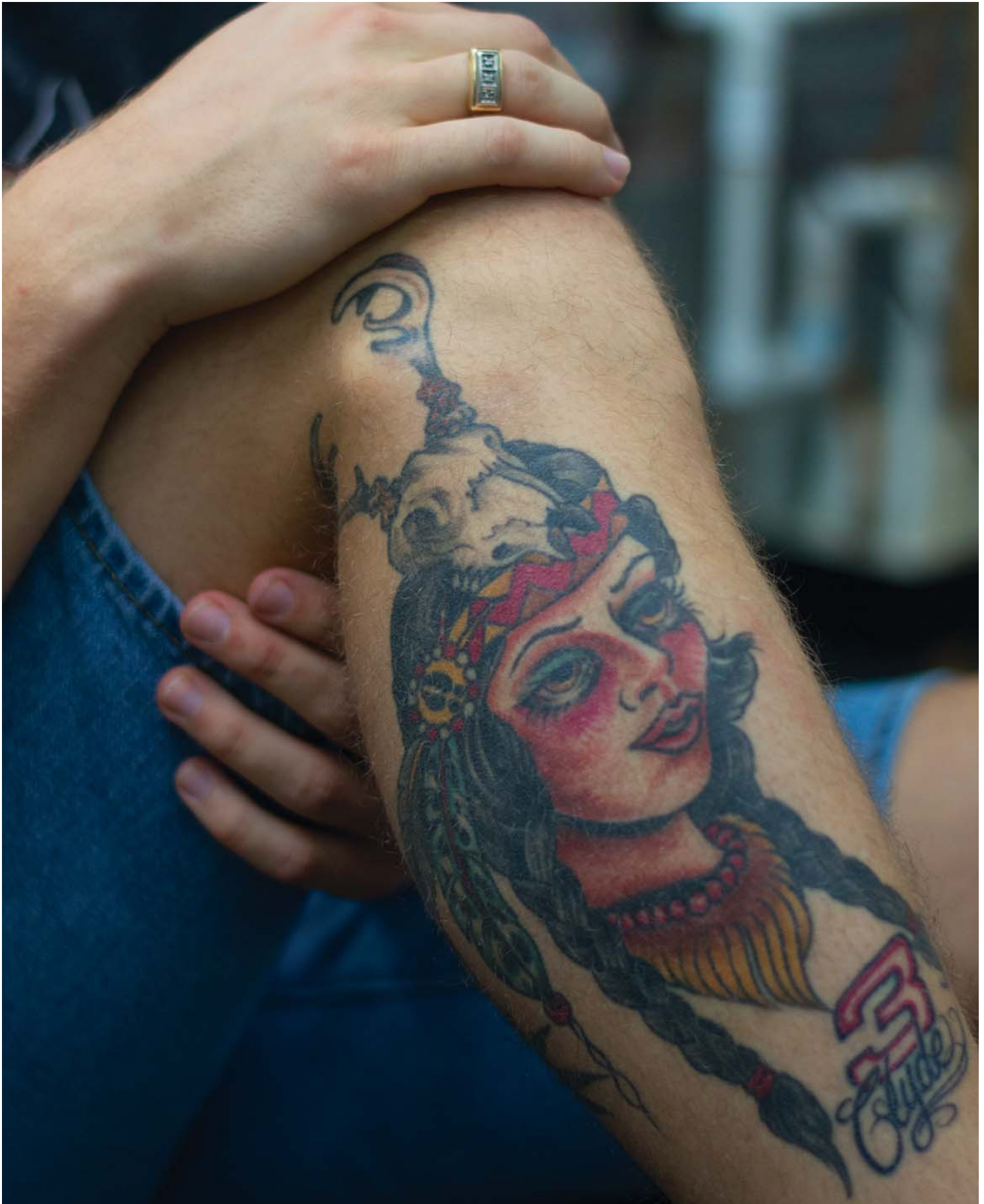
- JADA MURRAY





# TABOO BODY ART IN MODERN SOCIETY





Across the nation, more and more people are getting tattoos, and with this, people are becoming more accepting of tattoos. No longer do tattoo shops have to hide in the seedy, industrial parts of town. And tattoos no longer belong exclusively to bikers, soldiers, and criminals. With a greater community of people who have tattoos, a culture has begun to form as well.

One of the many driving forces as to why people choose to decorate their bodies with “forever art” are the stories behind each piece. Perhaps it’s to honor a relative, or to represent important moments in your life. No matter what reason exactly, tattoos are an art form now being used to visually represent who we are, and the community around us has become generally more accepting of tattoos. However, not all tattoos have a special meaning to people.

Some people get tattoos just to be tattooed, or get them out of a drunken stupor. These tattoos can range from a zombie Pac-Man® to a scratchy, blown-out pinup girl. Whatever it may be, these tattoos are invariably regarded to as something you’ll look back on and regret. Or is that still the case? Around Coastal’s campus, I asked this question to gauge how people feel about these kind of tattoos. Surprisingly the consensus was that it was a personal decision, and they can do what they want even despite of what they themselves would do. Some students even talked about how none of their tattoos had special meanings behind them. They just enjoyed having artwork drawn on their body. Now what do people with such differing reasons for getting tattooed have in common?

They all share a similar feeling of comradery. Whereas tattoos were once taboo just ten years ago, they are now rather commonplace, so people with tattoos can now gather together without fear of judgment or persecution. Tattoo conventions are popping up all over the country, and TV shows, such as Spike’s InkMaster, have gained major notoriety. People are now coming together to share their love for body art. Even those whom are completely different from each other are able to join in a common interest. From valley girls, to bikers, to jocks, and metalheads, a sense of unity is able to be formed. The culture has produced an environment that no longer condemns and persecutes those who choose to get tattoos.

Across the country we see a revolution in the perception and the culture surrounding tattoos. People who never had much in common, now join together in a shared interest. With this unification of different people and backgrounds, a near universal acceptance of tattoos in the public face is beginning to grow. After all, it’s your body, express it however you want. That is the biggest component of tattoo culture.

- KODY RUFF



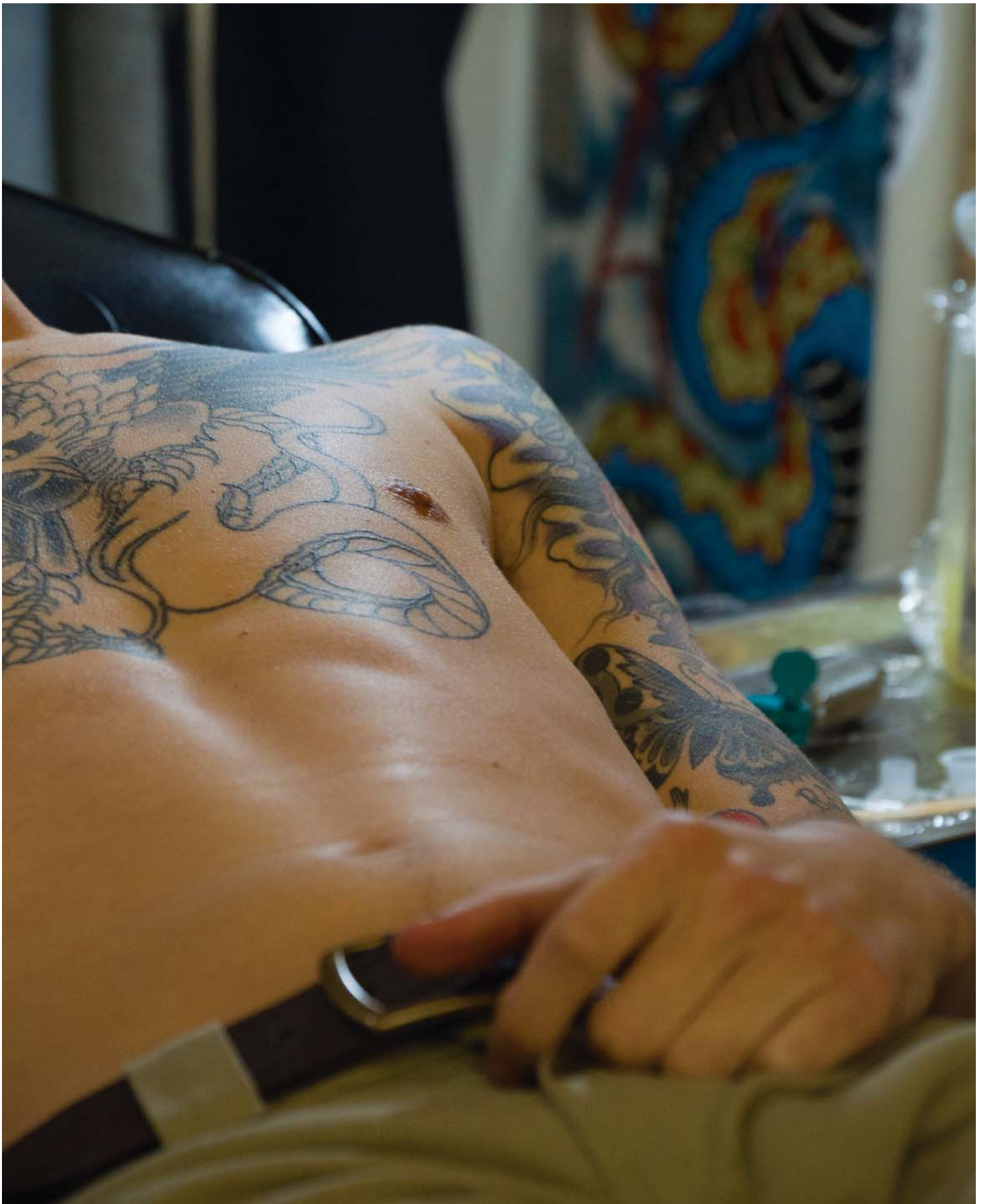




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## AN INTERVIEW WITH JEFF CRIBB

It's a Thursday afternoon and I find myself back at Hero Tattoo. I haven't been here since I got my first piece done; a few words in my mother's handwriting on the top of my foot. I know quite a few people who have had pieces done here and I [vaguely] know a handful of the artists. Jeff Cribb, the shop owner whose bio on the Hero website says "runnin' this shit", is getting ready to begin a session with a client. Sitting in a chair, I watch as Jeff sets up his station, meticulously and carefully, to begin yet another piece to add to his extensive collection. I begin to ask my questions over the sound of vibrating needles.





**EDEN HALEVY:** What position do you hold here at Hero?

**JEFF CRIBB:** I don't like using the word owner or boss, but I guess I'm the boss. Founder, maybe? I don't really know. You can't really own anything like this, it feels weird to say "owner".

**EH:** How long have you been tattooing?

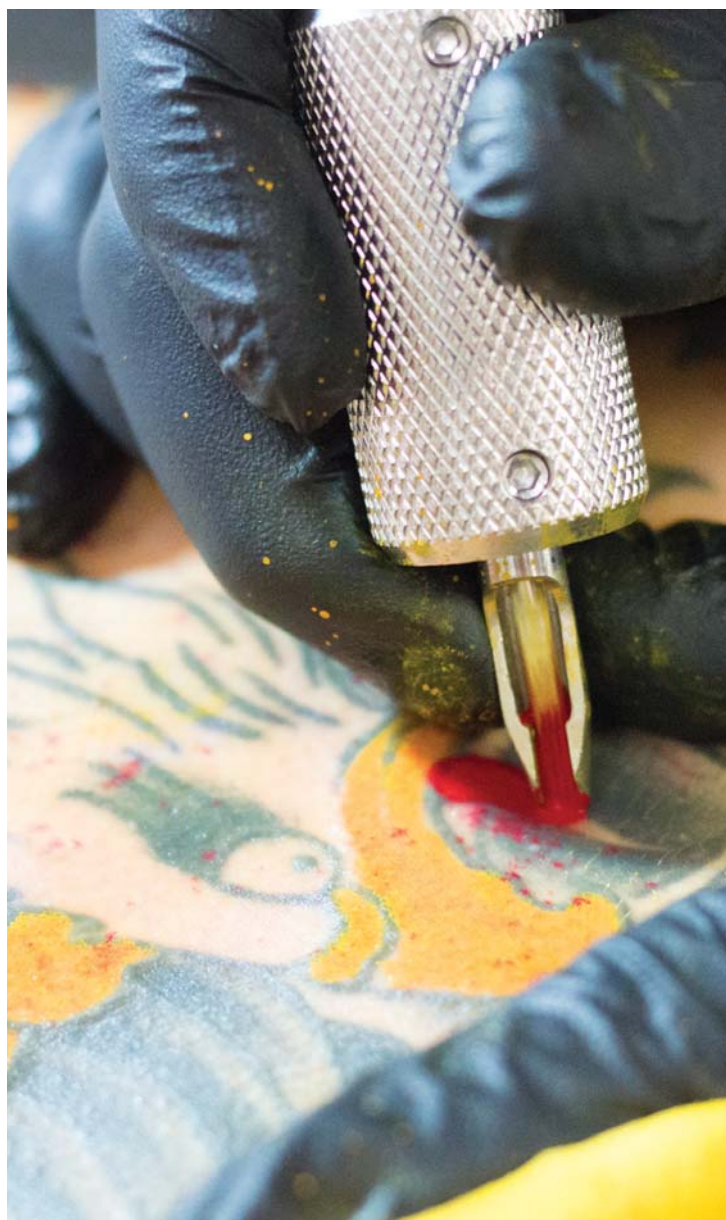
**JC:** This is my 18th year tattooing and I would say I specialize in American Traditional and Traditional Japanese. I also really enjoy Polynesian Tribal and Bio-mechanical. We have artists here who specialize in black and grey, portrait work, lettering...every artist here has their own preferred style. Every piece is touch-up guaranteed, which means the artist will do them for free.

**EH:** Oh wow, that's really awesome.

**JC:** Well what else are you going to be able to spend money on that you can take to your grave? We want to ensure that people are completely satisfied with their pieces.

**EH:** Do you have any pieces you've created that still resonate with you?

**JC:** I almost have a hatred or disdain for what I create. Most artists evolve and mature with each piece they create. I'm very proud of my creations but I don't have any sort of sentimental value to them. The art of tattooing is filled with peaks and valleys in the sense that sometimes you create pieces that inherently inspires you, and sometimes the art of tattooing just matches this need to make a living.





**EH:** I totally get that. I feel like that thought process could apply to a lot of different types of work. So would you say that the art of tattooing could be considered a living, breathing thing? Aside from it actually being on a human.

**JC:** I would say I agree, but the art of tattooing kind of stems from two different scenarios. The first being an inclusive art where you're getting pieces from almost this tribal standpoint to be accepted in an inclusive group, the second is almost this punk-rock biker vibe where you're trying to be covered in tattoos to be excluded and be a misfit and not necessarily be accepted by society. You're essentially taking yourself out of one group and putting yourself in another one. People who are interested in tattoo culture identify with cave paintings in a sense; it's all about the personal identification. It's like getting a wolf tattooed on you; do you just think the wolf looks cool, or does it have some sort of personal story behind it? Whatever the case may be, it's personal. The art isn't considered the great divider in society; the divide is the imagery that it is trying to define.

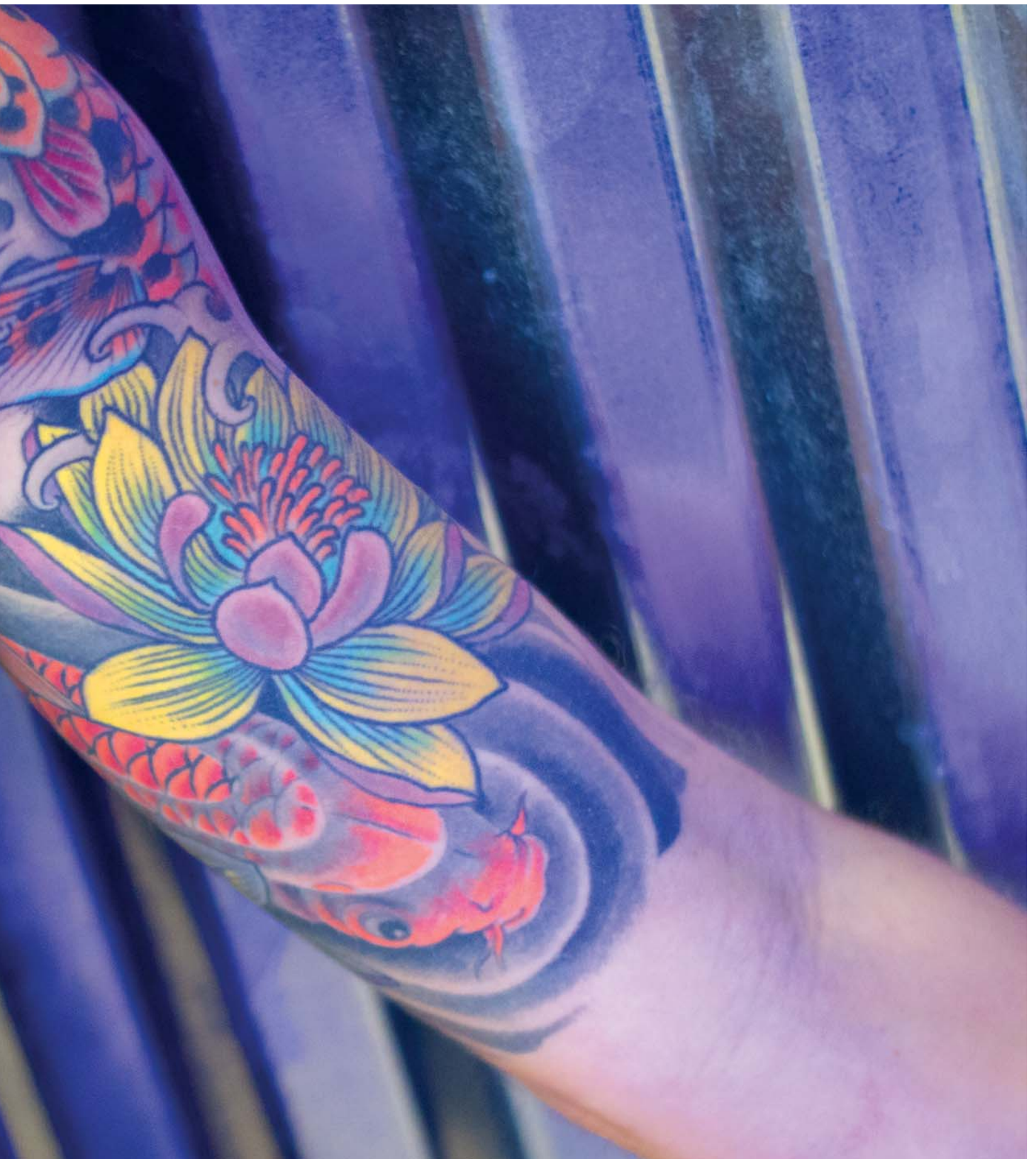
**EH:** So where would you categorize yourself?

**JC:** To me, tattooing has a lot of truth behind it. I could be standing next to a guy in the check-out line of Wal-Mart who also has a lot of visible tattoos, and people might consider us to be "the same", when in reality we're two very different people. His tattoos and the reasoning behind his artwork isn't the same as mine, society just likes to think of it that way. I'm not a conversation starter where as he might be, which is an example of how our truths are different. Everyone has their own truth. I went through a time in my life where I was deliberately trying to be scary and angry and come off as a guy who looks intimidating because of his artwork. The whole thing is pretty standardized now. It's sort of lost its out-law vibe.













**EH:** How do you feel when people ask you what your tattoos mean?

**JC:** Mine are more about my temple and what I wanted it to look like. My pieces are apart of my overall aesthetic. When people come in looking to get some work done, they always ask me what they should get and where they should place it, and I always just say, "Well, what do you want it to look like? When you close your eyes, where does your body have artwork?" It goes back to this ideal that the whole process, choosing what you want and where you want it, is this personal journey. The visual impact of the piece is what is deemed most important. As an artist, I want my pieces to have some sort of visual voice.

**EH:** So what do you think about this "tattoos in the workplace" idea? Older generations keep saying no one will hire you with visible tattoos.

**JC:** The people in charge now are the people who are just outside of the generation old enough to get tattoos, but aren't quite in the workplace yet. They're definitely becoming more acceptable, but I also have my own opinion. Like face tattoos, for example, have crossed the line from society as a whole where you're excluding yourself just to exclude yourself and I don't like that sort of shock value stuff. Tattoos and the act of tattooing are very serious to me and I don't think they should be done for shock value.

**EH:** How do you feel about tattoos within the collegiate level?

**JC:** I think it's important that tattooing is viewed as an organic process. You need to respect the traditions and foundations, and it also has physical limitations. It's like they're trying to reinvent the wheel but they're trying to do something that won't hold up the test of time. Like, the artists creating these images don't have the history or knowledge to understand what makes a tattoo last. If you haven't been taught how to execute it properly, how can you be creating good images that will last down the road? Due to television shows micro-managing the processes, some artists haven't been able to execute pieces the right way. Television shows are trying to dictate the process and you can't do that if you're not actually involved in the world of tattooing.

**EH:** What pieces of advice would you give to someone who has never been tattooed before?

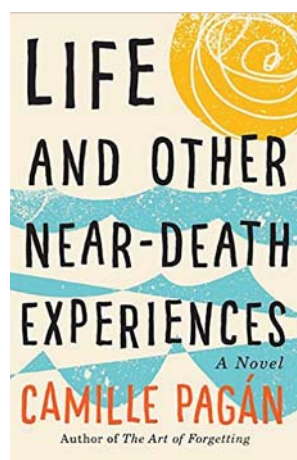
**JC:** Think about your self-image and how you envision the piece on yourself. Think about the whole thing in its entirety – now and many years from now. What will it look like? It's all about the longevity. Also, make sure you find an artist and do your research on their work. Allow them to make the tattoo for you and don't micromanage. Make sure you like their personality because you're going to be creating a pretty serious bond. You're giving yourself to them in a really vulnerable manner, so liking them on a professional level will benefit you, especially if your piece is big and you'll be spending long hours with them. There has to be a lot of trust involved. Don't put your trust in them if you haven't seen what they're capable of.

INTERVIEW BY EDEN HALEVY  
JEFF CRIBB, OWNER HERO TATTOO  
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# BOOKS.



## **LIFE AND OTHER NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES**

by Camille Pagán

“There’s healthy denial and then there’s Libby Land.”

Life and Other Near Death Experiences is the story about what happens when lighthearted Libby Miller’s life gets flipped upside down by the introduction of cancer and the unexpected conclusion of her marriage. Although both topics have seen their fair share of retellings, Pagán strays far away from the cliché presentation of cancer, sexual identification, and what it means to be in love. Pagán, has appeared in Allure, Arthritis Today, and Women’s Health. Currently the editor of Real Simple magazine, Pagán’s writing is often aimed at health and nutrition issues and her medical experience stems from working as a research assistant.

The novel focuses on the main characters thoughts and feelings towards the events that happening in the beginning of the book. Although this novel is about cancer and loss of love, it’s a surprisingly uplifting tale; not a tale about death, but about learning how to live when the life you’ve put so much time and effort into building has ended. The plot line has constant moments of tension and satisfying ending passages for every chapter that continues to give you incentive to turn the page. Libby, our humorous and sarcastic narrator, experiences many of life’s ups and downs as the story plays out which present themselves as page turners. The novel’s release date is set for November 1st, but is currently available for free to Amazon Prime users.

- CLAYTON JAMES

## **ALL THE BRIGHT PLACES**

by Jennifer Niven

Touching. Beautiful, haunting, heartbreaking. Those are the four words that I would use to describe Jennifer Niven’s novel, All The Bright Places. Niven writes a story so mesmerizing, that her words will follow you around long after you have turned the last page. It begins on top of a bell tower where two high school seniors, Theodore Finch who is fascinated by the idea of death, and Violet Markey whose mind and body is filled with aching grief over her sister’s recent death, stand adjacent to each other on the edge. It is not a book that has you sitting at the edge of your seat waiting to see what lies on the other page, but it is a book that is extremely difficult to put down, and trust me I tried but ended up reading the whole thing in less than two hours.

Every chapter alternates between Finch and Violet’s perspectives. By doing this, we are allowed to hear exactly what is going on in both of their heads. The vivid descriptions and details of the characters are what really captures the reader’s interest and draws them in. These characters do not feel like just characters, they feel like they could be your classmates. Which is what makes the plot line more relatable.

Although, yes, this is technically a love story between two teenagers and yes, it has been compared to The Fault in Our Stars by John Green, and yes, two teens falling in love has been over done too many times and we are all completely over these sappy love stories, this story really has nothing in common with those others besides two teenagers falling in love. For the

simple fact that is not just about a teenage love story. Theodore Finch and Violet Markey are so much more than just teenagers and their story is so much more than your ordinary love story.

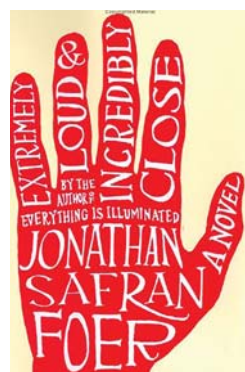
This book helps readers understand daily struggles such as mental health and suicide. Jennifer Niven does not just toss these issues aside; she beautifully incorporates them by weaving in important messages throughout the story as well as putting links to websites at the end of the book in order to help people who are dealing with similar issues. I think this is what really allows readers to relate to both of the characters and the story in general.

Nowadays, more people are facing difficult situations in their life, and sometimes people just talk to somebody or read something that is relatable and know that they are not alone, which is why I would definitely recommend this book to anybody who wants to get a deeper understanding of these underlining issues.

- SAMANTHA PROULX



## **STAFF FAVORITES**



Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close  
Jonathan Safran Foer

# FILM.

## ***SOUTHPAW***

The film *Southpaw* depicts the inspiring story of a boxer, which is loosely based on the life of rapper Eminem. It is a unique medium, which sheds light onto the hardships that Eminem faced throughout his life.

Growing up on films such as the *Rocky* series, I was a little reluctant to watch *Southpaw* at first because I figured no other boxing movie or actor playing a fighter could ever stand a chance next to Sylvester Stallone, but I was erroneous to think that.

Jake Gyllenhaal does an outstanding job portraying Billy Hope, a boxer who is at the prime of his career when suddenly, his life spirals out of control after the unfortunate loss of his wife, Maureen, who is killed in a tragic shooting. After falling into despair following the loss of his wife and unable to rebound, his daughter is then taken

away by child protective services.

Antoine Fugue, director of the movie, weaves analogous events from Eminem's life effortlessly into the film, allowing each scene to flow very naturally giving a surprisingly authentic feel as we track Hope's "bout" with finding his place in society, and the challenge of trying to find a way back into the sport of boxing to honor his late wife. Gyllenhaal really seems to bring the movie alive by adding so much raw emotion into every scene.

It was remarkable to see how the events of his life followed his style in the boxing ring. Following the death of his wife, his style of boxing was him just repeatedly getting punched by his opponents without putting up much of a fight. Shadowing the advice of his mentor, Tick Wills, by switching up his style of fighting to where he would block more hits, which

would allow him to take control of the fight. This new fighting style also symbolized his newfound control on life.

The outstanding last battle scene between Billy and his rival Miguel, was done flawlessly because it symbolized more than just his revenge for his late wife, but it also symbolized his final steps into getting his life back on track.

This movie had me of the ropes the whole time, and I would definitely recommend it to anybody who enjoys thrilling action packed movies with bits of heart wrenching scenes. The way each scene was portrayed felt like I was actually sitting ringside, which really enables you to feel the punches of raw emotion, as well as the hardship that Billy Hope faced in his battles both on and off the ring.

- SAMANTHA PROULX



## **STAFF FAVORITE**



Pan

# GAMES.

## ***ROCKETLEAGUE***

*RocketLeague* was recently introduced to PS4 and PC earlier this summer. With a simple concept and design, *RocketLeague* quickly sets itself as one of the most fun and addictive games on the market. You control an RC car and along with your team of friends play RC car soccer against a rival team. Using super boosts, skill flips, and trick moves you must out skill the opposing team, while ensuring that you do not make a move that scores against yourself.

Another incredible aspect to the game is the demolition derby

aspect to it. While you not only have to try to skill the soccer ball (which is twice the size of your car by the way) you have to try to destroy the opposing teams cars, and avoid getting blown up yourself. This combined with the customization aspect and choice of cars (each with different attributes), it is up to you and your team to ensure you pick the cars best for you that also balance the out the team. But choice of car isn't the only entertaining customization you get.

*RocketLeague* takes customization another step forward entirely.

And I'm not just talking special paint jobs. I'm talking about cool and wacky hats for your cars that include, but are not limited to: Wizard hats, ball caps, propeller rainbow hats, and sombreros. You also get to change the fire trail following your car. Who wouldn't love a game where you get to ride around in a little car, blowing up the opposing team with a sombrero and green fire singing La Cucaracha to your friends. *RocketLeague* earns a solid 9.5/10.

- KODY RUFF



# MUSIC.

## MUMFORD AND SONS | Wilder Mind

When people think of Mumford and Sons, they usually think banjo. However, that banjo has been replaced with an electric guitar, and M&S's distinct sound has transformed. Lead Singer/Songwriter Marcus Mumford's brooding lyrics are fused with a modern sound, leading to a gritty twist on neo-rock. James Ford, producer for The Arctic Monkeys, was given the reins on this album, and it shows. The album starts off running with "Tompkins Square Park", a Beatle-esque tune that sets the Rock and Roll tone for the rest of the album, which goes on to the hit single "Believe". This was the first song released on the album, and it is still the band's top hit on Spotify. The album's inspiration supposedly came from Radiohead and Led Zeppelin, and that influence is clear

in this song. The next biggest hit on the album is "The Wolf", a song with thick treble and radiant guitar that is the most extreme example of the band's experimentation. The album also has songs like "Wilder Mind", "Cold Arms", and "Broad-Shouldered Beasts" that retain the more melancholy yet tasteful Mumford and Sons sound that was first put on display with the albums "Sigh No More"(2009) and "Babel"(2012), just with a little bit of added electric and a few different instruments. While many new listeners have responded positively to the album, there has been a mixed response from devout fans. Some desire the banjo-strumming and stand up bass playing that gave the band its distinctiveness, others support the band's experimentation. I say to the skeptics, have no fear.

- RYAN CASE



### KEY TRACKS:

BELIEVE  
THE WOLF  
SNAKE EYES

## X AMBASSADORS | VHS

Alternative rock band X Ambassadors have taken over the charts with their debut album VHS. Most known for their chart topper "Renegades", which is instantly recognizable from the current batch of Jeep commercials that play the song in heavy rotation, the quartet of boys from Ithaca, New York, mix soul, rock, pop and blues into one amazing concept album. The concept comes from the title, and tells the story of the band members from early childhood to present day. As a result, the album is packed with the emotions of youth struggles, exuberant highs and dark lows. Lead singer Sam Harris shows versatility and vocal range in tracks such as "Gorgeous" and "Nervous". The album also features Imagine Dragons, who happened to be the band that convinced

Interscope Records to sign X Ambassadors. Prior to releasing VHS, the band had released two EP's but garnered little traction. One particularly impressive member of this band is Casey Harris, the keyboard player, who has a rare disease, which has resulted in his almost total loss of vision.

While the rocking alternative songs make this a rock out in the car type of album, emotional slow track "Unsteady" is arguably the best song on VHS. It features the disheartening story of a divorce from the child's perspective with emotional lyrics and vocals likely to send chills down your spine. It's a solid release for a debut, but just as in the life story that VHS tells, there are a few bumpy spots as well.

- LEXI MAYO



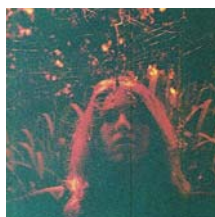
### KEY TRACKS:

FEAR  
JUNGLE  
RENEGADES

## STAFF FAVORITES



**BAD SUNS**  
Language & Perspective



**TURNOVER**  
Peripheral Vision



**OLD DOMINION**  
Old Dominion - EP





CC photo courtesy of TomorrowWorld

# TOMORROWWORLD

CHATTAHOOCHEE, GEORGIA. SEPTEMBER 25-27 2015

TomorrowWorld, a branch of TomorrowLand, which originated in Europe, takes place over the course of three days every year. Since sophomore year, I have been hearing all sorts of crazy stories about this music festival. The festival is directed towards the EDM (Electronic Dance Music) community featuring DJ's such as The Chainsmokers, and David Guetta. Located in the hills of Chhattahoochee, Georgia right outside of Atlanta, this location was able to comfortably house 40,000 campers in Dreamville, the camping area for concertgoers, and a total of 160,000 attendees of the festival.

Due to the weather and the amount of unanticipated mud, the venue was closed down to everyone except the people staying in Dreamville since the roads and parking lots were inaccessible. In order to get to the bathroom from where we were camping, I had to walk through about 20 yards of ankle deep mud. The people in charge were slow in getting plywood down along the walkways, which ended up getting sucked into the mud as well. The rain seemed to hold off during the day, which allowed us some dry conditions to rave in.

TomorrowWorld had it's own currency called Pearls that you could access through your bracelet to make transactions quick and

convenient. The downfall of this system was that \$100 gave you 45 Pearls. A bag of ice cost 7 pearls, which is about \$14. Everything was over priced. Even the showers were pricey, and didn't serve much purpose seeing as to how they were barricaded with mud. But not all money was lost; TomorrowWorld reimbursed the festival goers the Pearls that were not spent.

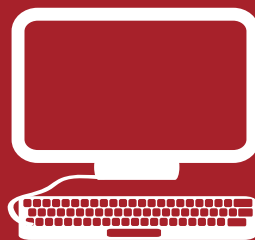
The aesthetic of the venue was outstanding. With the help of peace, unity and good vibes, I felt like I was transported into a futuristic world, surrounded by people who were as ready to rave as I was. I noticed that quite a few of the people who attended came in from Europe, which added a cool atmosphere to the venue. Bags were lightly searched, no beverages allowed to be brought inside the venue, and no glass bottles in Dreamville seemed to be the only rules to abide by.

Camping by far was the best part. Being three feet away from the tent next to you amongst 40,000 other people will be something I will never forget. We were a family; a community. We pitched our tent in the rain and had to use our towels for the shower to dry the inside of the muddy tent, so right away we lost valuable assets. Instead, I had to use a water bottle and t-shirt to bathe with outside our tent. My hair from the rain and the dancing was a matted mess by the third

day, which I easily hid with a messy bun. As the only girl in the group, I have to say I was a serious trooper. My guy friends were protective, gentlemanly and fun throughout the weekend, even though the tent stunk of feet... but I probably contributed to that too.

Overall my experience at TomorrowWorld was phenomenal! The conditions were poor due to the weather and mud, but that didn't keep us from having a good time. The event planners could have been more proactive in weather preparation, however the staff and other festival goers gave off positive vibes and were all in good spirits making the weekend an experience I will never forget!

- DIANA EVANS



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